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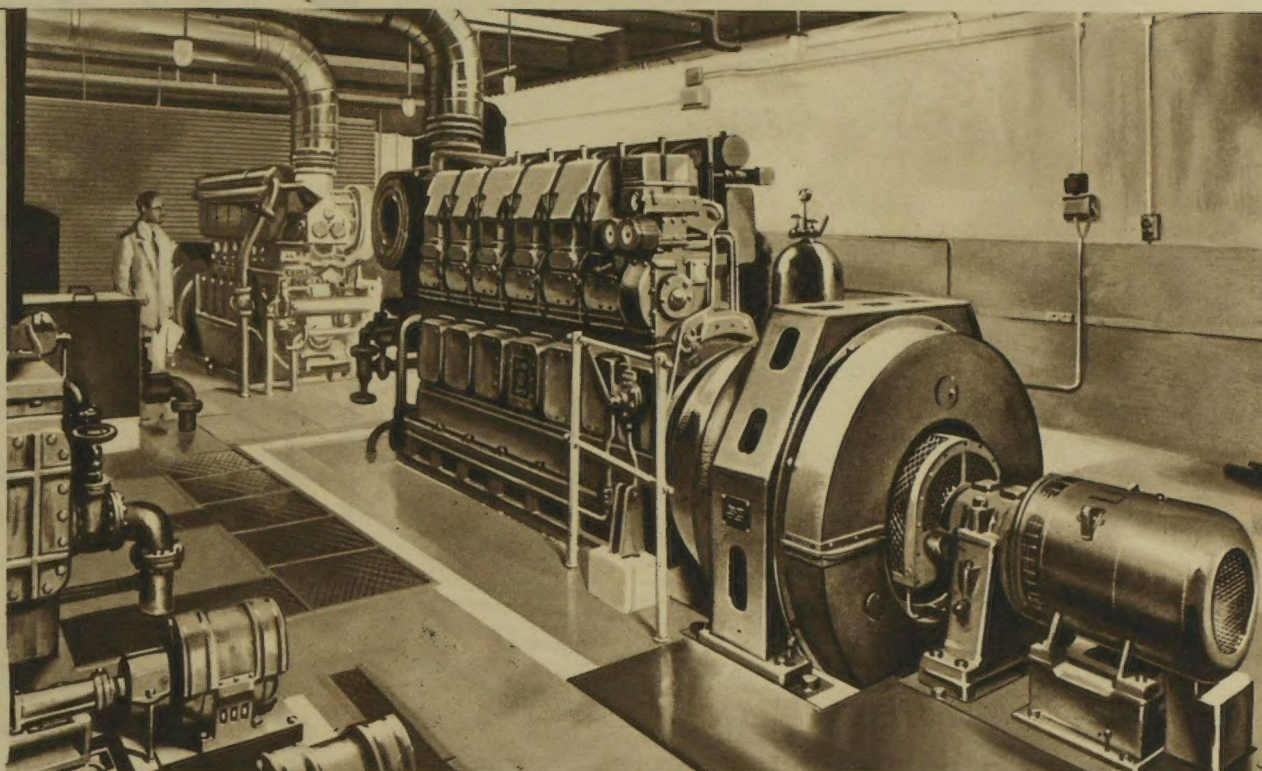
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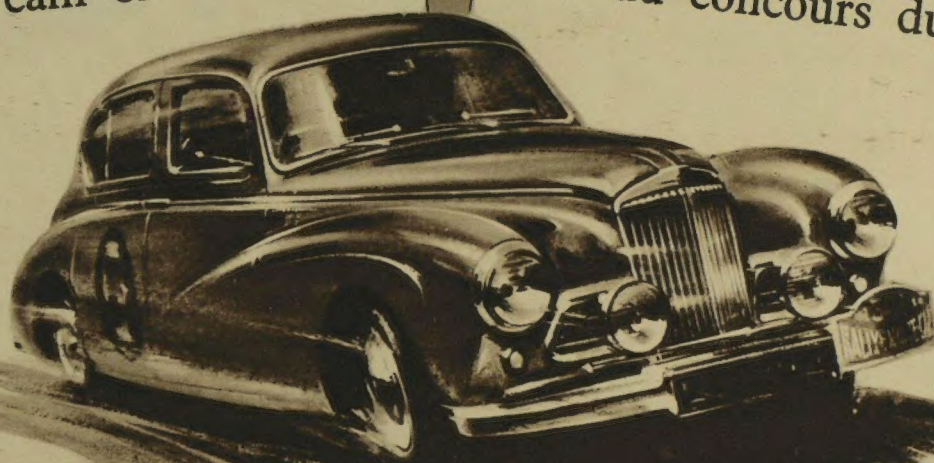
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he wants apparently is a better way of making coconut chips fishing
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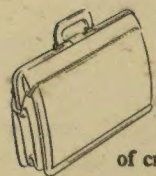
*stainless steel tubes hundreds and thousands of sticky
jobs in the confectionery business
have been cleaned up for good and Accles & Pollock will have this one
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the Directors will form into a ginger
group to help themselves
once again to crystallise
their thoughts going straight
to the bull's eyes
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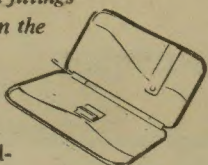
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TBW-35

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SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1953.



TO BE WORN BY HER MAJESTY AT HER CORONATION: THE MAGNIFICENT PURPLE VELVET ROBE OF STATE BEING EMBROIDERED AT THE ROYAL SCHOOL OF NEEDLEWORK, KENSINGTON.

At the Royal School of Needlework, Prince's Gate, Kensington, some of England's finest embroideresses are at work on the robe which the Queen will wear at her Coronation in June. The raw silk for the robe came from Zoë Lady Hart Dyke's silk farm at Lullingstone, in Kent, and it was woven on a hand loom at the mills of Warner and Sons, at Braintree, Essex. It is now being embroidered in gold in a design chosen by the Queen which is based on a motif

signifying peace and prosperity during her reign. Our photograph shows the Royal Cypher "ER," which has been completed, and the design of "olives and wheat sheaves" being embroidered by Miss M. Bartlett. Miss M. Evans (left) has been with the School for forty years; she helped to embroider the robe worn by Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother at her Coronation in 1937. The purple velvet Robe of State is the one in which the Queen will leave Westminster Abbey.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

SNUFFLE! snuffle! snuffle! choke, cough and splutter! That is all I can hope to do this week as I sit by the fire, with my feet in a bowl of hot water and my burning head spinning like an old dazed bat round a chandelier! It seems monstrous to inflict my melancholy reflections on my condition on the patient readers of this page, but for the moment I can think of nothing else, and as writers of weekly pages—alone, I suppose, in our new Welfare State—enjoy no holidays with pay or, indeed, holidays of any kind, there is no help for it. The old ragged regiment must march through Coventry once more, and my reflections come tumbling out in the midst of whoops and sneezes! Fortunately, the wonders of science enable them to reach readers without the accompanying germs.

Mine, at least, is a common, almost, at this moment, a fashionable experience. All over the world, and nowhere more vehemently than in this winter-bound, February land of floods and easterly gales, men and women are coughing, sneezing and spluttering. Archbishops and Royal Dukes, eminent Civil Servants—the kind that get the K.C.B. and front seats at the Coronation—and the humble establishment ladies who patiently scrub the corridors outside their sacred rooms; ballerinas and spivs; harbourmasters and cinema usherettes; members of the Amalgamated Society of Boilermakers and fashionable mannequins; carat-gold bankers of the utmost respectability and absconding financiers on the run; none can escape the horrible visitation, and all must suffer it as their occasions and varying temperaments admit. The only exceptions to this universal rule are Members of the House of Commons, to whom, in their present closely-balanced state, the Whips cannot allow even this small, occasional human relaxation. For by our votes at the last two General Elections we have denied our legislators the luxury of illness; they must remain for ever "in the pink" or die until we release them from their slavery by making up our political minds in a more decisive manner than we did in 1950 and 1951.

Not that I can ever feel wholly certain that influenza may not be partly one's own fault. It comes, I have always noticed, when one is particularly strained and weary, or when one has allowed one's normal discipline of mind or body to grow a little relaxed. For I have certainly found that one can live among influenza germs, with the sick and spluttering all round one, and yet avoid the disease wholly; and, on some other occasion, without a single member of one's home or place of employment suffering, suddenly succumb like a shot rabbit. Of other infectious maladies, like smallpox, the measles, or bubonic plague, I feel far less confident; the hand of God has obviously a far greater part in their incidence than man's.

Everyone remembers Kinglake's description in "Eothen" of how he staved off raging plague in the Grand Cairo by drinking buckets of steaming hot tea. Yet forceful and dramatic as his description is, his account of this supreme act of stubborn Englishry does not carry full conviction; one suspects, however unjustly, that he was romancing a little. But with influenza, it seems, one can usually take one's choice; by an act of conscious and consistent will a man can probably avoid it. Few of us, however, are ordinarily capable of conscious and consistent acts of will, least of all when busied with the normal cares and labour of life. In a careless moment we succumb, as the writer of this page has succumbed. Then there is nothing left but to splutter and choke one's way back to health. For though a man may avoid the influenza by taking thought, he cannot get rid of it by doing so! There is no dodging that column.

Some take their painful cure with doctors, some without. I have tried both, but being a busy and well-taxed man—and the Revenue authorities,

for all their general reasonableness and humanity, offer no relief for the ministrations of physicians—I find it easier to do without. This is not through any failure to appreciate the services of physicians; on any ordinary occasion I am the first to follow the advice given many years ago in an engaging ditty sung by Mr. Leslie Henson, equipped with pin-striped trousers, morning jacket and stethoscope, to "tell one's troubles to the doc!" Yet English February influenza is not, in my experience, a curable disease in the normal medical sense; no doubt, one can die needlessly out of it by doing foolish things like going for a walk in a snowstorm, but, assuming one follows nature and stays in bed or by a fire, and avoids draughts, there is no way that I have ever discovered or that any learned physician has prescribed for me that seems to release one from the affliction one is ordained

by Providence to undergo! Some progressive members of the profession, it is true, hasten the disease's course by injecting one with what appears to be an extreme and particularly vicious form of it, but the patient's reaction to this is a matter of taste; some like to gulp their poison and some to sip it.

If, of course, one follows the normal procedure and calls in a physician, there are many compensations and alleviations. There is, first of all, the doctor himself: a man of intelligence and benevolence who is prepared to visit one daily and discourse with one in the most stimulating way about one's symptoms and their cure—a subject naturally repugnant to everyone else. There are also the dramatic preparations that precede the doctor's visit: the tidying of one's room, the removal of crumbs and orange-pips from the bed-clothes, and the exciting, if sometimes rather alarming, ritual of the thermometer; the portentous wait, watch in hand, the solemn shaking, the pursed lips as the dreaded verdict is awaited. There is, too, the impressive and flattering array beside one's bed of the various remedies prescribed for one: remedies which seem to differ with every return of the disease, but all, so far as my experience of them goes, of equal efficacy in one respect: that however good for one in other ways, they neither hasten nor retard the cure of influenza. A few of them taste nasty, but most, I find, like home-made wine, are rather nice in a sickly way; after the foul and atrocious draughts that used to be poured down one's throat in childhood, no modern medicine in this mild, humanitarian age seems worthy even of a grimace. I remember one that was so horrible that I used to kneel before my nurse and parents and beg them not to inflict it on me—it used to blacken a whole day in advance for me when I knew it was coming. Indeed, it drove me, a particularly mild little boy, in the end to open rebellion, and, though

it was supposed—on what grounds I cannot conceive—to be particularly good for me, at the age of eight I flatly refused to taste it again and persisted so fiercely in my refusal that I was free from it for ever after. Were any doctor to prescribe it to me now he would lose a client for ever.

Where influenza is concerned, however, I no longer indulge in soothing draughts, pleasant or obnoxious. I leave the cure of the disease to the same inscrutable Providence that sent it. And I trouble no physician. But at least as a result I am free, so far as aches and spluttering and hammering head permit, to dispose of my time as I wish, to sit at a table by the fire working so long as I feel able and inclined to do so, to return to bed when I long for bed—a happiness denied to those sentenced to a full-time term of medical supervision—and even, greatest luxury of all in this aching complaint, to have a hot bath. The time and disease, I find, pass not the quicker but the easier for this self-imposed regimen of freedom; one even for a time forgets one's aches and splutterings in one's work. I have done so writing this essay.

THE ARRIVAL OF THE NEW U.S. AMBASSADOR.



SHAKING HANDS WITH MR. CHURCHILL AFTER LUNCHING WITH HIM ON FEBRUARY 11: H.E. THE NEW AMERICAN AMBASSADOR, MR. WINTHROP W. ALDRICH (LEFT).

Mr. Winthrop W. Aldrich, the new United States Ambassador to the Court of St. James's, arrived on February 11 at London Airport. He was greeted by Mr. Evelyn Schuckburgh, Mr. Eden's principal private secretary, and a party of officials from the United States Embassy. He later saw Mr. Eden and lunched with Mr. Churchill at 10, Downing Street. The new Ambassador, in an exceedingly felicitous speech on arrival, voiced his affection and admiration for this country. He said: "The knowledge and respect for the British spirit and character which I have gained through the years gives me a feeling of complete confidence that our two countries, in co-operation with each other, and with other freedom-loving nations, will be able to solve the many problems which face us to-day." And continued: "I am convinced that close and enduring Anglo-American friendship is an essential to the preservation of the free world." Mrs. Aldrich was expected to reach this country on February 17. Mr. Aldrich is due to return to the United States shortly to be present during the talks with Mr. Eden and Mr. Butler in Washington, who are due to leave in the *Queen Elizabeth* on February 27.

A ROYAL LOAN TO THE NATIONAL GALLERY:
VAN DYCK'S "QUEEN HENRIETTA MARIA."



BELIEVED TO HAVE BEEN PAINTED IN 1632: "QUEEN HENRIETTA MARIA" (1609-1669); BY SIR ANTHONY VAN DYCK—DETAIL OF THE HEAD OF THE PORTRAIT.



PERHAPS THE PORTRAIT OF "OUR ROYALL CONSORT" WHICH HUNG IN KING CHARLES I.'S BEDCHAMBER AT WHITEHALL: "QUEEN HENRIETTA MARIA"; BY VAN DYCK.



SHOWING THE DELICACY OF THE PAINTING, NOW REVEALED BY RECENT CLEANING: DETAIL OF THE LEFT HAND OF THE PORTRAIT OF "QUEEN HENRIETTA MARIA."

This beautiful portrait of Henrietta Maria (1609-1669), Queen Consort of King Charles I., by Sir Anthony Van Dyck (1599-1641), has just been cleaned, and by gracious permission of the Queen has been lent temporarily to the National Gallery. There is little doubt that the portrait was painted in 1632, at the beginning of Van Dyck's second visit to this country. The head is almost identical with that in the double portrait of Charles I. and his Queen at Euston Hall, which John Hoskins copied in 1632, and it is thus perhaps the earliest single portrait of Henrietta Maria by Van Dyck and to be identified with the portrait



"QUEEN HENRIETTA MARIA'S" LEFT ARM AND SLEEVE: DETAIL FROM THE VAN DYCK PORTRAIT GRACIOUSLY LENT TEMPORARILY TO THE NATIONAL GALLERY BY THE QUEEN.

of "Our Royall Consort" for which Van Dyck was paid twenty pounds in August 1632. This hung in King Charles's bedchamber at Whitehall. Presumably it was sold by the Commonwealth Commissioners and recovered at the Restoration, for it was then once more in its old place. Since the time of Queen Anne it has been almost continuously at Windsor. The recent cleaning, though it reveals perhaps some studio assistance, has also disclosed a harmony of silver, pale pinks and cool greens which is quite personal to Van Dyck, and paralleled in his century only by Velasquez. [Reproduced by gracious permission of H.M. the Queen.]

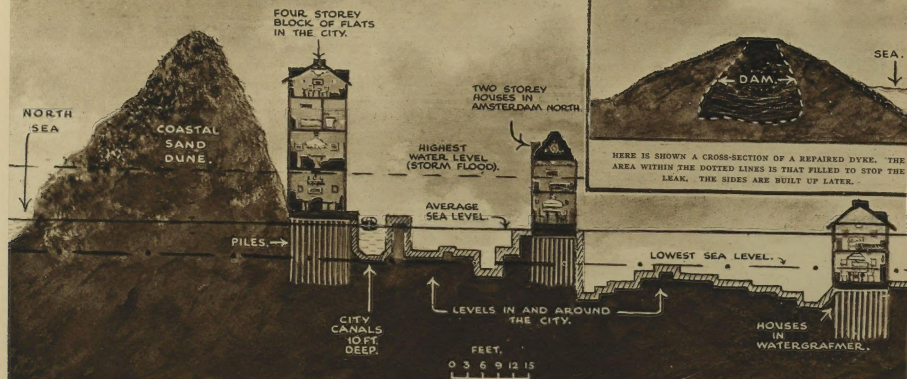


A MAP OF THE NETHERLANDS, IN WHICH THE BLACK PART IS LAND PROTECTED AGAINST FLOOD BY DYKES.



EMERGENCY MEASURES HAVE TO BE UNDERTAKEN WITHOUT DELAY TO SEAL THE GAP. SANDBAGS, CEMENT, HEAVY TIMBERS, BOULDER-CLAY AND THE LIKE ARE USED.

EVEN THE GREAT CITY OF AMSTERDAM IS BUILT PARTLY BELOW SEA LEVEL. (A DIAGRAMMATIC VIEW OF LEVELS)



MANY OF THE GREAT CITIES OF THE NETHERLANDS, INCLUDING AMSTERDAM, ARE BUILT ON GROUND PARTLY BELOW SEA-LEVEL.

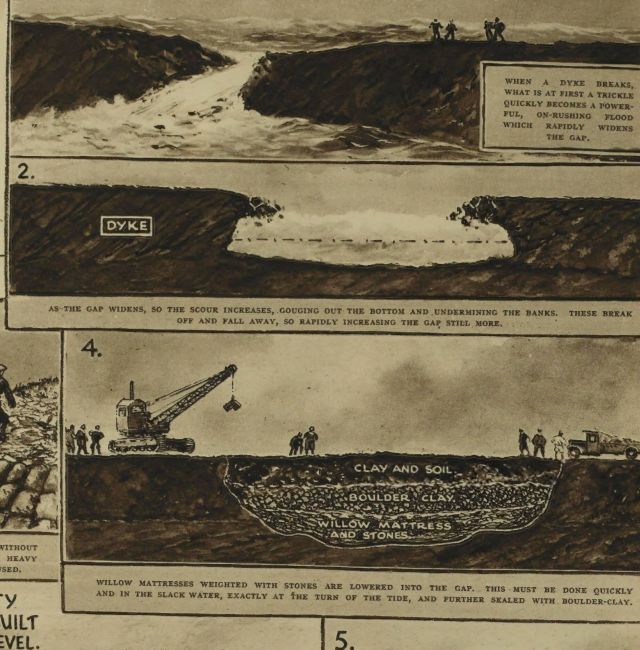
HOW THE DUTCH FIGHT THEIR ETERNAL AND UNWEARYING ENEMY—THE SEA: REPAIRING DYKES AND

The total land area of the Netherlands is about 12,850 square miles. Of this, about a fifth lies below the average level of the North Sea, and more than half the country—about 6603 square miles—would be subject to flooding at storm level if no dunes or sea and river dykes protected the area. From this it is apparent that although the sea-floods of the beginning of this month represented a savage victory by the hostile waters, the Netherlands are at all times and ceaselessly at war with water—an enemy ruthlessly determined to invade and retain more than half the country. The Dutch have been engaged in the war for

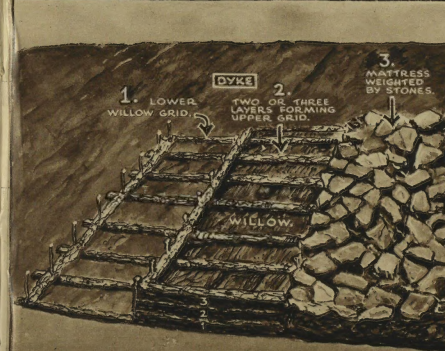
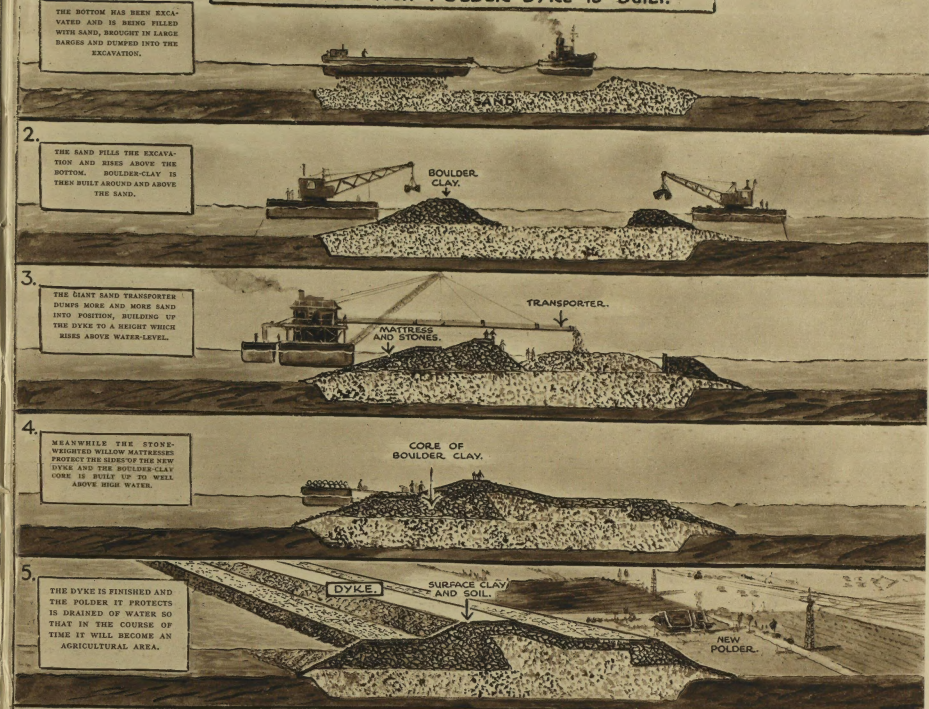
seven centuries, for it was in the thirteenth century that they started reclaiming and draining land. Since that time some 2200 square miles have been reclaimed by means of dykes; and dyke-building has entered into the very blood of the Netherlander. The army which wages this war against water is called the Waterstaat—an army which ranges from the dungaree-clad workman with a red cap and the badge 'Waterstaat', to the Minister at The Hague, and includes engineers of all grades all over the country and professors at headquarters or in the water laboratory at Delft. On this double page we show two aspects of the

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. H. DAVIS, WITH THE ASSISTANCE

HOW A DYKE IS REPAIRED.



HOW A DUTCH POLDER DYKE IS BUILT.



FOR HUNDREDS OF YEARS THE FASCINE MEN OF THE SWAMPY BIESBOOSCH AREA HAVE BEEN MAKING WILLOW MATTRESSES WHICH ARE SUNK AGAINST THE DYKES AND SUBSEQUENTLY COVERED WITH STONES TO PROTECT THE SANDY DYKE AGAINST THE SCOUR OF THE SEA. THIS DIAGRAM SHOWS THE PART PLAYED BY THESE WILLOW MATTRESSES.



THE MATTRESS METHOD OF PROTECTING THE SANDY DYKES AGAINST THE SCOUR OF THE WATER MAY IN THE VERY NEAR FUTURE BE SUPERSEDED BY BINDING THE SAND WITH FITCH. WILLOW-MATTRESS-MAKING IS A DYING TRADE IN WHICH ONLY ABOUT 2000 MEN ARE NOW LEFT.

RECLAIMING LAND—DEFENSIVE AND OFFENSIVE OPERATIONS FOR THE VERY SOIL OF THE NETHERLANDS.

war: the defensive—repairing dykes where the enemy has broken through; and offensive—building new dykes to reclaim land from the waters. The defensive operation is one conducted at the greatest possible speed, for a break automatically increases the longer it is left. The gap is increased by the scour of the water, which also deepens the gap and saps the neighbouring sides of the dyke wall at ever-increasing speed. Our Artist shows in a series of pictures how this battle is fought. The materials most used are sand-bags, boulder-clay and willow mattresses. Sand, boulder-clay and willows Holland has in plenty; but little stone, and stones

are just used to weight the willow mattresses. The offensive operation—which is also shown in a series of pictures—is conducted with greater deliberation, but calls for equal skill and great patience. The same materials are used, but the time and place of operations can be chosen by the engineers. The general principles in building the dykes are, of course, the same; but it would seem that a very considerable basic change is in sight, since the pitch which is a by-product from the oil industry can be used to bind sand, and it may well be that the already dwindling willow-mattress trade may finally disappear.

OF THE NETHERLANDS MINISTRY OF TRANSPORT AND WATERSTAAAT.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. THE POLICY OF THE U.S. GOVERNMENT.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

PRESIDENT EISENHOWER'S State of the Union message to Congress was more or less evenly divided between foreign and domestic policy, but it was the former, and particularly one item in it, which created most discussion. The President laid down, to begin with, that the policy of his Administration was to be "new" and "positive"; in other words, a departure from that of the previous Administration, in view of the lesson that the free world could not "indefinitely remain in a posture of paralysed tension." First upon the foreign agenda came the question of closer co-operation among European nations than "known up to date." While recognising that the required unity of Western Europe could only be created from within, the message stated that European leaders were to be "encouraged" by being kept informed of the high value placed by the United States upon determined efforts to reach the goal. This was fairly strong, but hardly likely to give offence. It was followed by some welcome words about the encouragement of trade with Western Europe in particular and the outside world in general.

Next came the Korean war. The time had been reached, said the message, when there was no logic or sense in the action of the United States Navy in ensuring that Formosa should not be used as a base for aggression against Communist China on the mainland. The President was therefore issuing instructions that the Seventh Fleet should not in future be employed for this purpose. Passing on to the cold war, the

applied. That decision was taken before Communist China entered the Korean war. Mr. Eden stated in a fair and lucid manner the reasoning behind the American decision. He succeeded in what was no easy task, that of announcing a direct cleavage between British and American views without creating bitterness. In this he was helped by patience and understanding in the United States, with the result that his personal stock in that country has gone up in an affair which might easily have lowered it. This must be considered the most satisfactory aspect of the incident.

Relatively little is known about the state of the forces of Chiang Kai-shek. They are reported to have a soldierly air, but there is no means of knowing whether they are as good as they look. The much larger forces in China at the beginning of the civil war looked better than their Communist opponents, but proved very much less effective and determined. The Formosan garrison is lightly armed by European standards, but at least as well as, if not better than, the bulk of the Communist forces in China. On the other hand, amphibious ventures of the commando

type are sometimes costly—not necessarily so, however, as is proved by the recent French raid on the south coast of Annam, where one man was killed in a force of 2000. Chiang Kai-shek has a large number of men under arms, but his first-line army is small, and he might be hard put to it to find enough trained reserves should he incur heavy loss in an operation across the Formosa Strait or against the island of Hainan. The last-named is so important and might be so useful an air base to the Communists if they decided to take stronger action against Tonking that its capture would be worth attempting but for the fact that the ditch between it and the mainland is dangerously narrow.

This point about the proximity of an island to a continent on which enormous hostile forces can be

It would be contrary, of course, to the view of the former Democratic Administration. President Eisenhower did not suggest that he intended to depart from the line of conduct laid down by his predecessor in this particular respect. He said, in fact: "This order [to the Seventh Fleet] implies no aggressive intent on our part." On their face these words mean that United States forces would not be involved in any action which the Formosan forces might take against the Communist mainland. My summary of the arguments is that the British Government was justified in expressing concern about this item in the new policy of the United States, but that so far the matter is not one of vital importance and does not substantially alter the existing situation.

On the subject of encouragement of co-operation in Western Europe, the message said less than has been allowed to appear with reference to the visit of Mr. Dulles to this side of the Atlantic. Here we come to a matter affecting this country in a peculiar way. On the one hand, the British Government and British military representatives are every whit as perturbed as those of the United States by the lack of progress towards European unity and the dangerous delays thus caused in making Western Europe strong enough to defend itself against aggression. On the other hand, the United States still feels that Britain ought to be doing more to remedy this state of affairs. Individual British efforts are not as a rule criticised; the complaint is that, by not associating herself more closely



LOADING NAPALM INTO INCENDIARY FIRE BOMBS FOR USE FROM AIRCRAFT: CHINESE NATIONALIST AIR FORCE GROUND CREWS ON FORMOSA.

Captain Cyril Falls discusses on this page the announcement by President Eisenhower that the Seventh Fleet would not in future protect Communist China from possible aggression by Chinese Nationalist forces on Formosa. He considers that such forces, if so employed, can have "no more than a nuisance value." It has been stated that the American Military Mission on Formosa has trained more troops, pilots and seamen of the Chinese Nationalist forces than there are arms, aircraft and ships for their use.

President touched upon a subject of great importance, though one little understood. The need existed, he said, "to make more effective all activities of the Government related to international information"; he had appointed a committee to survey this field. This concluded the section of the message dealing with foreign affairs. The next part dealt with finance, perhaps the subject of all other which, temporarily at least, most sharply struck American imagination at a time of taxation of unexampled and undreamt-of weight. Farm prices, a hardly annual in recent times, came next. Reform of the school system, amendment of the Taft-Hartley or Labour Management Act, the problem of loyalty to the State, that of segregation of coloured people, and some minor measures made up the rest.

It need hardly be said that the announcement about the Seventh Fleet was, from the international point of view, the most significant item. The Seventh Fleet had the double duty of protecting Formosa from invasion from the mainland and of protecting the mainland against raids from Formosa. It will certainly continue to carry out the former. Whereas the forces of Chiang Kai-shek can have no more than a nuisance value if employed against Communist China, that Power would be able to invade and conquer Formosa if it were deprived of American protection. Since the President visited Korea, before assuming office, he and his military advisers have given close attention to the study of measures to avoid the almost entirely passive resistance to Chinese aggression in Korea which has been the rule since the start of the truce negotiations. It must be concluded that they have decided there is promise in raids from Formosa. They might, indeed, prove to be an effective diversion of Communist activities. On the military side, indeed, no objection can be raised against the policy. This has to be considered above all in the light of its political effects on the Korean war and the relations of the United States and her allies.

The British Government felt concern about the experiment and made known its objections. Put briefly, they amount to anxiety lest such action should lead to an extension of the conflict. Mr. Eden handled a difficult situation with skill and restraint. He was frank about British dislike of the policy, but went on to point out, what many had forgotten, that if it was an independent unilateral action it was also the reversal of a decision to which the same adjectives



POLITICAL INDOCTRINATION AS A PART OF MILITARY TRAINING: MEMBERS OF THE CHINESE NATIONALIST FORCES ON FORMOSA ATTENDING A LECTURE.

"Chiang Kai-shek has a large number of men under arms, but his first-line army is small..." His total number of troops on Formosa is some 500,000, of whom some 300,000 are at present available for offensive operations. Their political indoctrination is not neglected.

assembled at once calls up a picture of Hong Kong. Whereas Formosa is over 100 miles from the Chinese coast and yet was considered a few years ago likely to be successfully invaded with a fleet mostly consisting of junks, Hong Kong is within rifle range. It cannot be held unless defence can be effectively maintained on the mainland, which is as much as to say that in modern warfare it has lost most of the characteristics of an island from the point of view of defence. There can be no doubt that Hong Kong has been in the mind of the British Government in considering the possible reactions of the new Far Eastern policy laid down in the State of the Union message. It was right that it should be, though this does not imply any certainty of the Communists taking action against the island as a reply to raids from Formosa. It looks to me as if the Communists would have attacked Hong Kong by now had they considered that the venture would be profitable and that raids from Formosa would scarcely make it more attractive. The subject is speculative, but I think this is a reasonable argument.

A more serious danger might seem to lie in the possibility of later demands that action against China should be strengthened and that United States forces should take a greater part in it, even if such action were directed against China herself. This would be likely to cause a serious split between American and British policy, probably between British and French also.



TROOPS OF NATIONALIST CHINA: GUN-DRILL BY AN ARTILLERY DETACHMENT ON FORMOSA.

"Relatively little is known about the state of the forces of Chiang Kai-shek," writes Captain Cyril Falls. "They are reported to have a soldierly air, but there is no means of knowing whether they are as good as they look." In our last week's issue we gave a double page of photographs of units of National Forces on Formosa undergoing training.

with the effort to achieve unity, Britain leaves herself incapable of providing the leadership which might help to make an end of doubt and dissension. Mr. Dulles has issued a friendly warning that, if it has not become clear by April 1 that the treaties are to be ratified, Congress may change its views when asked for further aid.

The attitude of the British Government to the European Defence Community has not altered. It wishes the project well, but has not revised its decision to remain outside the scheme. We know that Chancellor Adenauer is determined to ratify. We do not know what France will do or whether her ratification will be worth while. That can be decided only when we hear more of those protocols which her Government intends to write into the treaty and which seem certain to be published before these lines are in print. It seems possible that the new United States Administration, which is not likely to prove as patient as the last, will, if there should be more delays, announce that it will in any event give its approval and its aid to the process of rendering Western Germany capable of self-defence. Such a move would not, however, solve

the problem of British co-operation. My own view of the projected European Army has always been that it has serious disadvantages from the strictly military point of view, but that if Western European defence cannot be secured without its means, it should be accepted. Field Marshal Lord Montgomery now considers that it is indispensable.

If it is, and if British participation—or, at all events, a far closer link with the European Army than has yet been proposed on our side—is essential to its realisation, I believe that even now we should do well to take fresh stock of our position. In view of the present relations of Canada and Australia with the United States, can it really be said that the structure of the Commonwealth is an insuperable barrier to any such commitment? I have studied the question enough to appreciate the difficulties, though I do not pretend to know it thoroughly. I cannot believe that they are altogether insuperable. There may even be something nearer to a half-way house than we have yet reached; something in the form of a stronger commitment. We still possess prestige in Europe which should not be neglected as an asset to the cause of freedom. The new régime in the United States is, of course, unproved, but it shows signs of liveliness and imagination, as well as friendship for this country. An opportunity for working with it exists. We ought not to miss it.



THE MAN OF DESTINY: GENERAL DWIGHT D. EISENHOWER, 34TH PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

On January 20 General Eisenhower became the thirty-fourth President of the United States and the first Republican President for twenty years. He is the thirty-third man to hold this office; Grover Cleveland having held two separated terms of office (1885-89 and 1893-97). He takes up his great task at a time when the United States is acknowledged as the greatest power in the free world and when an American decision could plunge the world in war or build the foundations of that "peace in our time" which is the earnest prayer of every man of good will. In his inaugural address President Eisenhower made it clear that he was fully but humbly conscious

of the great destiny to which he has been called. "at a moment when man's power to achieve good or to inflict evil surpasses the brightest hopes and the sharpest fears of all ages." President Eisenhower was born on October 14, 1890, and was the third of seven sons. He became a world figure in World War II. when, after serving as C.-in-C. of the Allied Forces in North Africa from November, 1942-44, he was appointed Supreme Commander of the Allied Expeditionary Force in Western Europe. From 1950 until he retired in 1952 to seek nomination by the Republican Party, he was Supreme Commander of the North Atlantic Treaty Forces in Europe.

Exclusive colour photograph by Karsh of Ottawa.



TO PLAY A PROMINENT PART IN THE CEREMONIAL DURING THE QUEEN'S CORONATION VISIT TO SCOTLAND: THE LORD LYON AND OFFICERS OF THE SCOTTISH COURT OF CHIVALRY.

The Court of the Lord Lyon King of Arms, the Scottish Court of Chivalry, is the Scottish equivalent of the English Heralds' college, of which the Earl Marshal is Chief; and the Lord Lyon and his officers will play a prominent part in the ceremonial during her Majesty's Coronation visit to Scotland in June. They will walk in the procession from the Palace of Holyroodhouse to St. Giles on June 24, in which the Honours of Scotland will be borne before her Majesty; and will take part in the ceremonial during the National Service in St. Giles. Our group shows (l. to r.; seated) Sir Francis J. Grant, K.C.V.O., Albany Herald; Sir Thomas Innes of Learney,

K.C.V.O., Lord Lyon King of Arms; and Lieut.-Colonel J. W. Balfour Paul, D.S.O., Marchmont Herald; and standing (l. to r.), Mr. J. Monteith Grant, W.S., Carrick Pursuivant; Mr. T. C. Gray, Lyon Macer (at back); Major Charles Ian Fraser of Reelig, Dingwall Pursuivant; Lieut.-Colonel H. A. B. Lawson, F.S.A., Rothesay Herald, Lyon Clerk and Keeper of Records; Captain Iain Moncreiffe of Easter Moncreiffe, Falkland Pursuivant Extraordinary (at back); and Lieut.-Colonel Gordon Dalrymple of the Binns, C.I.E., Unicorn Pursuivant. The Court of the Lord Lyon, according to previous custom, takes part in the Coronation procession at Westminster Abbey.

Colour photograph by Norward Inglis, specially taken for "The Illustrated London News."

THE WAR IN INDO-CHINA: NASAM, AND THE QUI-NON AMPHIBIOUS LANDING.



(ABOVE.) DURING THE HANDING OVER AT NASAM OF A FORMER FRENCH COMMAND TO A VIETNAMESE OFFICER, THE VIETNAMESE GENERAL HINH DECORATED A GROUP OF VIETNAMESE SOLDIERS.



FRENCH AND VIETNAMESE PARACHUTE TROOPS ON THE MOVE IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD OF ANKHE, THE ANNAMESE CENTRE NOW UNDER VIETMINH PRESSURE.

IN our last issue we reported the attack and capture of the Communist-held port of Qui-Non, on the coast of Annam, by French Union forces, supported by several warships, including the carrier *Arromanches*, on January 29. This operation, which was designed to relieve the Communist pressure on the important highland post of Ankhe, was conducted by about 2000 Commandos and assault troops, and it achieved complete surprise. The French Union casualties were one killed, the Vietminh forces losing about 100. The bridge-head was evacuated on the night of February 5-6 without interference by the enemy, whose attention was diverted by several mock landings elsewhere. The landing—which was called Operation "Toulouse"—is thought to be an indication that the French Union Command is taking a more aggressive line, with a view to seizing the initiative and itself dictating the shape of the war against the Communists.



THE OPENING OF THE QUI-NON LANDING ON THE VIETMINH-HELD PART OF THE COAST OF ANNAM: FRENCH AND VIETNAMESE TROOPS IN LANDING CRAFT. THE PURPOSE OF THIS SUCCESSFUL OPERATION WAS TO RELIEVE PRESSURE ON THE IMPORTANT ANNAM POST OF ANKHE.



DURING THE FRENCH UNION OCCUPATION OF QUI-NON: VIETNAMESE TROOPS DUG-IN BESIDE THE OLD MANDARIN ROAD AND THE PARALLEL RAILWAY LINE.



DURING THE EVACUATION OF QUI-NON: LOCAL INHABITANTS OF THE PORT WHO ASKED TO BE EVACUATED, EMBARKING ON A LANDING-CRAFT WITH THEIR FAMILIES.

ORADOUR, A BURIED SWAMI'S DEATH, SHIPWRECKS AT SEA AND ON LAND.



A BORDEAUX DEMONSTRATION TO THE MEMORY OF THE ORADOUR VICTIMS—A SYMBOLIC CATAFALQUE AND THE LEGEND "ORADOUR—REMEMBER," AS THE TRIAL NEARED ITS CLOSE. On February 13 the military court at Bordeaux passed sentence on the seven Germans and fourteen Alsatians charged with the Oradour massacre of June 1944. One German and one Alsatian, a volunteer, were sentenced to death. The remaining Germans received sentences of imprisonment of twelve to ten years; the other Alsatians, imprisonment from eight to five years; and some included hard labour. The sentences of the Alsatians have aroused protests, some against their severity, others against their leniency.



THE CROWD WHICH GATHERED ON THE BANKS OF THE JUMNA TO SEE THE OPENING OF THE PIT IN WHICH THE SWAMI NARAYAN ACHARYA WAS BURIED ALIVE FOR NINE DAYS.

On January 29 the Swami Narayan Acharya went into a trance and had himself buried alive in a pit near Gandhi's Samadhi, on the banks of the Jumna—in the stated interests of world peace. On February 7 the pit was opened and, according to the disciple who first entered, the Swami then died by his own wish. A police surgeon who examined the body six hours later stated, however, that the Swami had been dead for between twelve and twenty-four hours.



THE FRASERBURGH LIFEBOAT, JOHN AND CHARLES KENNEDY, ASHORE ON THE FRASERBURGH ROCKS AFTER IT HAD CAPSIZED AND LOST SIX OF THE CREW OF SEVEN.

On the afternoon of February 9 the Fraserburgh lifeboat, *John and Charles Kennedy*, which had been called out to assist the fishing fleet in making harbour, was struck by a huge swell while escorting a small yawl, swung round and capsized without warning. Although the incident was only about 400 yards off-shore and help was immediately at hand, the crew had little chance in the swell and all, with the exception of Mr. Charles Tait, Jnr., were drowned.



MR. CHARLES TAIT, THE SOLE SURVIVOR OF THE CAPSIZING OF THE FRASERBURGH LIFEBOAT ON FEBRUARY 9. HIS FATHER, MR. CHARLES TAIT, SEN., WHO WAS ALSO IN THE CREW, WAS DROWNED.



THE LANDING-CRAFT WHICH CRASHED IN A CHATHAM STREET, WHEN ON ITS WAY TO HELP IN FLOOD RELIEF. IT STRUCK A BUS AND INJURED SEVEN PEOPLE.

On February 12 a landing-craft was being towed through Chatham on a trailer, on its way to help in flood relief, when apparently the towing vehicle got out of control. It seems the driver decided to tip the trailer before he approached crowded traffic, the landing-craft then fell over and struck a stationary bus. Seven bus passengers, all men, were slightly injured.



IN MEMORY OF THOSE WHO DIED IN THE WRECK OF THE PRINCESS VICTORIA: A MEMORIAL SERVICE HELD ON THE PIER AT DONAGHADEE, WHERE THE SURVIVORS WERE LANDED.

On February 8 a number of memorial services were held for the 128 men, women and children who lost their lives in the sinking of the ferry-boat *Princess Victoria*. These included services at Belfast Cathedral, at the Assembly Hall, Belfast, at Larne railway station, Donaghadee Pier, all in Northern Ireland; and at Stranraer Old Parish Church, in Scotland.

ENDING A CONDOMINIUM WHICH SPRANG FROM OMDURMAN: THE NEW SUDAN AGREEMENT.



THE LAST CLASSIC CAVALRY CHARGE IN THE HISTORY OF WAR—IN WHICH MR. CHURCHILL TOOK PART: THE CHARGE OF THE 21ST LANCERS AT OMDURMAN. (From "The Illustrated London News" of September 24, 1898.)

THE convention which brought into being the Anglo-Egyptian Condominium of the Sudan—following the defeat of the Khalifa's forces by Sir Herbert (later Lord) Kitchener at Omdurman on September 2, 1898, was signed at Cairo on January 19, 1899. The agreement which brought it to an end was signed—likewise at Cairo—on February 12, 1953, by General Neguib and the British Ambassador, Sir Ralph Stevenson. On the same day Mr. Anthony Eden, the Foreign Secretary, explained the terms of the agreement to the House of Commons. The agreement provides for complete self-determination for the Sudan, following upon the election of a Sudanese Assembly. Once this Sudanese Government and Parliament have come into being, self-determination can take place at any time, but must do so within three years. In this case two ways will lie open to the Sudanese—either a link between Sudan and Egypt "in any form" or "complete independence." In this latter case, there is nothing to prevent the Sudan's applying to join the British Commonwealth. Mr. Eden hoped that the Commons would agree with him that the terms of the agreement constituted "a reasonable settlement of this question which has for long bedevilled our relations with Egypt and contributed so much uncertainty to the future of the Sudan itself."

(RIGHT).
THE END OF THE ANGLO-EGYPTIAN CONDOMINIUM OF THE SUDAN—THE AGREEMENT WHICH WAS MADE POSSIBLE BY KITCHENER'S VICTORY AT OMDURMAN. GENERAL NEGUIB (RIGHT) AND SIR RALPH STEVENSON SIGN THE NEW AGREEMENT AT CAIRO.



"THE MEMORIAL SERVICE TO GORDON AT KHARTOUM"—WITH BRITISH AND EGYPTIAN FLAGS FLYING OVER THE RUINS. (From "The Illustrated London News" of October 1, 1898.)



COMPLETING THE VICTORY OF OMDURMAN: "A FANATICAL QUARTER IN THE VICINITY OF THE MAHDI'S TOMB: THE SULTAN CLEARING THE BANKS WITH MAXIM FIRE." THE TOMB HAD BEEN PIERCED BY SHELL-FIRE. (From "The Illustrated London News" of October 1, 1898.)



THE ENTRY OF THE SIRDAR (LORD KITCHENER) INTO OMDURMAN ON THE NIGHT OF THE BATTLE: "BLACK TROOPS, COVERED BY GUNBOATS, CLEARING THE STREETS OF BAGGARA." (From "The Illustrated London News" of October 1, 1898.)

SOME PERSONALITIES AND OCCASIONS OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE AND EVENTS OF NOTE.



LORD MCENTEE.

Died on February 11, aged eighty-two. He was one of the oldest surviving members of the Trade Union movement and the Labour Party in this country. As Mr. Valentine la Touche McEntee he was Socialist M.P. for West Walthamstow from 1922 to 1924, and from 1929 until 1950, when he relinquished it in favour of Mr. Attlee.



THE FIRST LIBERIAN AMBASSADOR TO BRITAIN: MR. HENRY FORD COOPER.

Mr. Henry Ford Cooper, who presented his credentials as Liberian Ambassador to the Queen at Buckingham Palace on February 11, was Liberian Minister to Britain before the status of the mission was changed. He has served here before, as Consul-General, a post he held later in Berlin. He was appointed Minister in Paris in 1946, and has several times led the Liberian delegation to U.N.



THE NEW COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF COMMONWEALTH FORCES IN KOREA: LIEUT.-GENERAL H. WELLS.

Lieut.-General H. Wells, of Melbourne, Australia, took over his appointment as C-in-C. Commonwealth Forces in Korea from Lieut.-General Bridgeford on February 15. He arrived in Tokyo by air on February 5, and reached Seoul on February 11 for a two-day inspection tour with General Bridgeford. They conferred with the new Commander of the 8th Army, Lieut.-General Taylor, and the Commander of the 5th Air Force.



SIR N. GOPALASWAMI AYYANGAR.

Died in Madras on February 10, aged seventy. The Defence Minister of India, he was one of the principal architects of the Constitution of the Indian Union, which came into force in January 1950. On the coming of independence he took over the States portfolio. He later served as Minister for Transport and Railways.



THE NEW WORLD FIGURE SKATING CHAMPION: MR. A. H. JENKINS (U.S.A.).

Mr. Alan Hayes Jenkins, a nineteen-year-old American, won the World's Figure Skating Championship at Davos on February 10. He won the championship in perfect weather, gaining the title with two spectacular steps in his free skating (for which he was awarded maximum points), the double axie, consisting of three high-speed turns followed by a double flip—a jump followed by two fast turns.



BRITISH WINNERS OF THE WORLD'S PAIR SKATING CHAMPIONSHIP TITLE AT DAVOS: MR. JOHN AND MISS JENNIFER NICKS, OF BRIGHTON.

Mr. John Nicks, aged twenty-three, and his sister, Miss Jennifer Nicks, aged twenty, won the World's Pair Skating Championship title at Davos for Britain. Ten couples competed, but the perfect unison with which the winning pair skated left the result in no doubt. Mr. and Miss Nicks were runners-up in the event last year, and they recently took the European title at Dortmund. This is the first occasion that the World Championship has been won by a British pair since 1914.



THE CHILD STAR OF "THE SECRET GAME": BRIGITTE FOSSEY ARRIVING IN LONDON.

Brigitte Fossey, the five-year-old French child whose remarkable performance in "The Secret Game" ("Les Jeux Interdits"), the French film at the Academy Cinema, has roused such admiration, came to London for the opening of the French Film Festival at the Rialto Cinema, and presented a bouquet to the Queen when her Majesty came to the opening night and saw "Les Belles de Nuit."



SIR PERCIVAL SHARP.

Died on February 8, aged eighty-five. Associated with education for over fifty years, he will be especially remembered, as a member of the Burnham Committee from its inception in 1919, for his advocacy of improved conditions for teachers. He resigned from the Committee in 1949 in protest against the rejection of teachers' claims.



MR. CECIL HEPWORTH.

Died on February 9, aged seventy-nine. One of the pioneers of the British film industry, he set up with a partner at Walton-on-Thames in 1899 and produced a number of short films. In 1901 he began a series of "phantom rides" taken from the front of a railway engine. His most famous early dramatic film, "Rescued by Rover," was made in 1905.



THE FRENCH PREMIER IN ENGLAND: M. MAYER SHAKING HANDS WITH LORD ALEXANDER, MINISTER OF DEFENCE (RIGHT). H.E. THE VIET NAMESE MINISTER IS IN THE CENTRE, BACKGROUND.

M. Mayer, the French Premier, M. Bidault, the Foreign Minister, and M. Buron, the Minister for Economic Affairs, who arrived in England on February 12, left on February 14 after discussions with the Foreign Secretary, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the Minister of Defence, and the President of the Board of Trade, on defence problems of common concern. M. Mayer and M. Bidault also had a conversation with Mr. Churchill and Mr. Eden at No. 10, Downing Street, before the three Ministers lunched there.



SIR HOLBURT WARING.

Died on February 10, aged eighty-six. An outstanding figure in the field of surgery and medical education, he became interested in the University of London early in his career. He was Vice-Chancellor, 1922-24. From 1932-35 he was President of the Royal College of Surgeons. He was Member and Treasurer of the General Medical Council, 1917-32.



SIR JOHN SHUCKBURGH.

Died on February 8, aged seventy-five. In the course of his distinguished career he served for long periods both in the India Office and in the Colonial Office. After his official retirement in 1942, he worked until 1948 in the historical section of the Cabinet Offices. In 1939 he was appointed Governor of Nigeria, but did not assume office, owing to the outbreak of war.

ROYAL OCCASIONS AND ITEMS AT HOME AND ABROAD: A CAMERA RECORD.



THE QUEEN AT THE GALA PERFORMANCE OF *LES BELLES DE NUIT*: HER MAJESTY RECEIVING A BOUQUET FROM THE CHILD FILM STAR, BRIGITTE FOSSEY.

On February 11 the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh attended the Rialto Cinema in London for the gala performance of *Les Belles de Nuit*, being shown during the French Film Festival. Our photograph shows her Majesty receiving a bouquet from Brigitte Fossey, child star of the French film, "The Secret Game." Behind the Queen is the Duke of Edinburgh and on either side of her are M. Massigli, the French Ambassador, and Mme. Massigli.



PRESENTING CERTIFICATES AND AWARDS TO NURSES OF WESTMINSTER HOSPITAL: QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER, WHO AFTERWARDS ADDRESSED THE NURSES.

On February 12 Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother presented certificates and awards to nurses of Westminster Hospital and Westminster Children's Hospital in the Queen Mary Nurses' Home, Page Street, London. The occasion was noteworthy in the history of Westminster Hospital as the first time the annual award of prizes had been carried out at a formal ceremony. The Queen Mother addressed the nurses and praised them "for the skill and devotion" with which they had cared for the late King.



A PHOTOGRAPH ADVERSELY CRITICISED BY PART OF THE BELGIAN PRESS: THE KING OF THE BELGIANS (LEFT) AT ANTIBES WITH HIS STEPMOTHER, FATHER AND UNCLE. King Baudouin has been criticised in Belgium for leaving during the flood disaster. Though only recently recovered from influenza, he toured coastal areas for a day immediately after the disaster. On February 3 he went to Antibes to join his father, ex-King Leopold, and his stepmother. He returned to Belgium on February 8 and again visited the flood-stricken areas. King Baudouin left again for the Riviera on February 12 on the advice of his doctors.



A MASTERPIECE OF THE CONFECTIONERS' ART: AN INTRICATE REPLICA OF THE IMPERIAL STATE CROWN, MADE ENTIRELY OF MARZIPAN AND OTHER SWEETS, WHICH WAS ON VIEW AT THE SILVER JUBILEE EXHIBITION OF THE CROYDON MASTER BAKERS' ASSOCIATION.



THE REVERSE OF THE FIVE-SHILLING PIECE TO BE ISSUED IN COMMEMORATION OF THE CORONATION: THE DESIGN, PREPARED BY MR. E. G. FULLER AND MODELLED BY MR. CECIL THOMAS, SHOWS THE FOUR QUARTERINGS OF THE ROYAL ARMS, EACH CONTAINED IN A SHIELD AND ARRANGED IN THE FORM OF A CROSS. BETWEEN THE SHIELDS ARE THE NATIONAL EMBLEMS.



THE ENGAGEMENT OF PRINCESS RAGNHILD OF NORWAY TO MR. ERLING LORENTZEN: A PHOTOGRAPH OF THE NEWLY-BETROTHED PAIR WITH MEMBERS OF THEIR FAMILIES.

It was announced on February 14 that Princess Ragnhild, elder daughter of the Crown Prince and Crown Princess of Norway, is engaged to marry Mr. Erling Lorentzen, a shipbroker. Our photograph shows (l. to r., sitting) King Haakon of Norway, Princess Ragnhild, Mr. Erling Lorentzen and Crown Princess Märtha; (standing) Mr. Oivind Lorentzen (Mr. Lorentzen's father), Princess Astrid and Crown Prince Olav. Princess Ragnhild is twenty-two and her fiancé is thirty.



TO BE MARRIED IN ASKER CHURCH IN MAY: PRINCESS RAGNHILD OF NORWAY, AND MR. ERLING LORENTZEN.



MR. SIMON HARCOURT-SMITH, THE AUTHOR OF THE BOOK REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE.

Mr. Simon Harcourt-Smith was born in 1906 and educated at Eton and New College, Oxford. He was in the Diplomatic Service from 1929-39. His publications include "The Last of Uptake" and "Alberoni." He has recently completed a film script which is based on Homer's *Odyssey*.

THERE are probably many people, beside myself, who feel that they have read enough about the Borgias: Pope Alexander VI., his son Cesare and his daughter Lucrezia. We may admit that some of the charges against that family are unproven, and that some might be equally well brought against other Papal families of the time. The Borgias, in the common mind, are notably associated with poison; there seems to be scant evidence that any of them ever poisoned anybody; fever was in the air; the lack of sanitation was quite enough to account for the collapse of whole tables full of guests at a banquet. Accusations of incest were brought against them: they were Spaniards poaching on Italian preserves and, if a father was fond of his daughter, or a sister of a brother, any stone was good enough to be cast at them and, if enough mud were thrown, some of it would stick. It is proverbially difficult to prove a negative: that robust, Rabelaisian Pope, as regards mistresses, bastards, nepotism and bribery, did but conform to the custom of his Roman time, and posterity has singled him out for the pillory because of all sorts of accusations which are none the less difficult to refute because they are flimsily supported.

Had he never had a son, or at least a son like Cesare "Valentino", history might perhaps have regarded him as the Falstaffian Pope, or the Lucullan Pope. Had Lucrezia never had Cesare as a brother she also might have got off more lightly in the eyes of posterity; but that sinister figure, to whom she appears to have clung through thick and thin, has cast over her a shadow even darker than that of her father. Even about Cesare much is conjectured and not certainly known. He may have murdered his and Lucrezia's brother (who may have been her lover); he may have murdered a man who may have been

A PORTRAIT OF LUCREZIA BORGIA.

"THE MARRIAGE AT FERRARA"; By SIMON HARCOURT-SMITH*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

from her chronic internecine feuds and ambitions, and the disgrace of foreign invasions, thought he might be the Caesar; or (may I say) the Garibaldi or the Mussolini who would rescue the most brilliant people in the world from chaos. He died, in the end, an obscure death: whether self-sought or not is again something which nobody knows.

Mr. Harcourt-Smith (exasperated, I suppose, by the way in which men of our time, who have committed or witnessed unexampled horrors, still automatically regard themselves as Standard-Bearers of Progress) goes as far as he can in mitigating (though no one could defend) his offences. "Though by no means all of

That perception has, I think, provoked Mr. Harcourt-Smith to write this book. He calls his book, it may be observed, "The Marriage at Ferrara": that marriage was Lucrezia's third, and the title indicates a subconscious desire to get rid of Lucrezia's early life and start at the point where she became the wife of a clever, unloving Duke intensely interested in artillery, the (perhaps platonic) mistress of an outstanding poet, and the rival, in all sorts of ways, of Isabella d'Este, Duchess of Mantua, her sister-in-law and overwhelmingly more brilliant than her. Her third marriage did certainly give her an escape from her awful family; although it got her involved with another only less criminal and complicated. She died at thirty-nine, having borne many children; one became that Cardinal Ippolito d'Este who built that exquisite Villa d'Este at Tivoli, below which the brooklets run and the fountains spring as they do nowhere else (so far as my limited observation goes) except at the Alhambra, in Granada.

I did not think that I ever wanted to hear the name of Borgia any more. That, once having begun Mr. Harcourt-Smith's book I went on without a break until I had finished it, is due entirely to the strength and elegance of his writing. Here and there a weakness is perceptible. Once or twice his constructions might be condemned; and his opening, in which, anxious to be effective at the start, he attempts the picturesque by suggesting that at a certain time the noise of waters around Nepi was reinforced by "another liquid sound—the tears of Lucrezia Borgia, Duchess of Bisceglie, mourning her murdered young husband," is too rococo for words. But as a rule his prose is impeccable: he delights by brief, witty phrases, he enchants by descriptions of scenes, he carries us away by opulent accounts of pageantry, stuffs, jewels, arms, plumes, cavalcades, walls, gates, palaces, and—beyond them all—dark corridors, dungeons and prisoners.

But at the end he has left me where I was about Lucrezia. She was fair, she was blue-eyed, she was beautiful: she was a political pawn because of her beauty and her connections, and she struggled to get something out of life. But I cannot feel as Byron felt about her: I feel merely a pity for an unhappy girl, afterwards an unhappy woman, driven here and there by winds of which she knew nothing. Certainly not wicked; certainly capable of love, and even



PRESUMED PORTRAIT OF LUCREZIA BORGIA AS ST. CATERINA; BY PINTURICCHIO. BORGIAN APARTMENTS, VATICAN.

virtuous contemporaries denounced him, four centuries have now poured their obloquy upon Valentino's memory, universally accepting him as a supreme, evil monster. He was certainly ferocious, faithless, a murderer. Yet we may doubt whether his villainies were excessive by the standards of his time, or indeed of any unstable age. Rather have they been emphasised by his cynical contempt for convention, his carelessness to dress up their nakedness in the Mother Hubbard of hypocrisy. When he admitted responsibility for a killing, he did not conceal his belief that he had merely exterminated vermin. That word "vermin" has a familiar ring. I seem to remember a phrase about "lower than vermin," and think that one man's vermin is another man's hope.

As a matter of fact, Mr. Harcourt-Smith's attempts to palliate the gross offences of the Borgia men do not spring from any affection for them, but from a desire to clear, as far as possible, the memory of Lucrezia Borgia. He says quite frankly: "This book is born of a casual visit to the Ambrosian Library at Milan, an illuminating phrase in a letter of Byron's and a subsequent pilgrimage to the State Archives of Modena where the principal papers of the Este family are preserved." In the Ambrosian Library there are preserved letters which passed between Lucrezia and the poet, scholar, and ultimately Cardinal Bembo, during the period of her third marriage. With them is a lock of her fair hair. "The letters and the hair came to obsess Byron. Again and again he returned to the library. He seems to have even formed the project of stealing the hair, 'so long and fair and beautiful,' as he said. His covetousness was detected by the custodian, and defeated, not without some unpleasantness. Relations between them now lost all cordiality; Byron's demand for permission to copy the letters was suspiciously refused. With evident relief, the custodian noticed one day that the mad English peer no longer came to plague him. He did not know, however, that the English lord had succeeded in making off with a single strand of the precious hair, and a number of the letters memorised. Byron's sentiment for Lucrezia came less perhaps from an impulse of contradiction than from the romantic's perception of a fellow-spirit across the centuries."



PRESUMED PORTRAIT OF GIOVANNI BORGIA, DUKE OF GANDIA; BY PINTURICCHIO. BORGIAN APARTMENTS, VATICAN.

her lover; and he may have murdered her second husband, who died when she was twenty, her first (a minor Sforza) having been divorced for non-consummation. He was certainly capable of the basest treachery and wholesale massacre. In his own mind he may have been doing evil that good might come—which indicates the road to perdition. The provinces he briefly conquered were given law and order and set on the road to material prosperity and content: and Machiavelli, a selfless man, who was merely looking for somebody who could save Italy



PRESUMED PORTRAIT OF CESARE BORGIA, DUKE OF VALENTINO; BY GIORGIONE. ACCADEMIA CARRARA, BERGAMO. Illustrations reproduced from the book "The Marriage at Ferrara" by Courtesy of the Publisher, John Murray.

domesticity. But rather resembling Mary Queen of Scots, who also was married three times, and charmed men, and was deemed beautiful, and, at last, bewildered, was sent to the block at Fotheringhay, where the headsman, having done his work, lifted her head in the air, and the hair had gone grey and bedraggled.

I begin to have an affection for Mr. Harcourt-Smith's heroine after all. It was her bad luck that she was born a Borgia.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 290 of this issue.

* "The Marriage at Ferrara." By Simon Harcourt-Smith. Illustrated. (John Murray; 21s.)



EARLY MORNING ON FEBRUARY 1 AT SOUTHWOLD, LOOKING SOUTH TO FERRY ROAD FROM GUN HILL: CRIES OF "HELP" SOUNDED ABOVE THE TUMULT OF SEA AND WIND; AND ON THE RIGHT FIVE AMERICANS WERE CLINGING TO A FLOATING ROOF-TOP.

TRAGEDY OF THE FLOODS VIVIDLY RECORDED BY AN EYE-WITNESS: POIGNANT SCENES AT SOUTHWOLD.

THE tragedy of the East Coast flood disaster of January 31-February 1 is vividly brought home by the paintings we reproduce. Mr. F. R. Forward, a professional artist, was at Southwold, Suffolk, which lies between Lowestoft and Aldeburgh, and made notes of the terrible drama as he saw it. He writes: "The scene was absolute tragic despair. One could hear a desperate chorus of 'Help! help!' coming from one couldn't tell where." The five Americans he saw clinging to a floating roof were finally rescued by a small rowing-boat manned by local fishermen. The scene was lit by cars training their head-lamps on to the buildings. These paintings are a poignant reminder that thousands who escaped with their lives have lost all their possessions, and an opportunity to help the sufferers is provided by the Lord Mayor's National Flood and Tempest Fund. On February 16 this was stated to have reached £433,000, but more is needed. Ample gifts of clothing have been received in response to the Red Cross and W.V.S. appeals.

From the paintings by F. R. Forward.



JUST BEFORE MIDNIGHT ON JANUARY 31 AT SOUTHWOLD: LOOKING NORTH FROM THE NORTH PARADE: HUGE WAVES WERE BREAKING OVER THE PIER PAVILION. BEYOND THE PIER WAS A CAR PARK AND STRETCH OF BEACH WHERE STOOD HUTS AND FISHING-BOATS, ALL SWEEPED AWAY.



ILLUSTRATING THE COLOSSAL SCALE OF THE WORK OF FILLING SANDBAGS TO STRENGTHEN SEA WALLS AND DEFENCES: A SERVICEMAN ON A MOUND OF BAGS AT CANVEY ISLAND. IN RESPONSE TO THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT'S APPEAL, SANDBAGS WERE SENT BY EIGHT COUNTRIES.



TROOPS WORKING AT SUTTON-ON-SEA: THEY ARE MAKING A WEIR TO RELIEVE PRESSURE ON THE SEA WALL THEY ARE CONSTRUCTING. AS SOON AS THE WALL BECOMES STRONG ENOUGH TO WITHSTAND THE FORCE OF THE WATER THE WEIR WILL BE CLOSED.

ROYAL SYMPATHY HEARTENS THE FLOOD VICTIMS: THE QUEEN IN ESSEX AND KENT, AND THE GREAT FIGHT TO BUILD UP STRONG DEFENCES AGAINST THE SEA.



THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO THE FLOODED AREA: HER MAJESTY IS LEAVING A HOUSE AT TILBURY WHICH HAS BEEN INUNDATED. HER SYMPATHY WITH THE SUFFERERS AND HER INTEREST IN THE SALVAGE AND THE WORK FOR REFUGEES ACTED AS A HEARTENING TONIC.

THE flood situation on the East Coast on February 16 was in general heartening, for the sea defences had held as the spring tides approached their peak. Thousands of troops and civilian volunteers had worked without pause to strengthen the sand-bagged walls before the danger hour. On February 14 snow and sleet made their work most arduous and difficult, but on February 15 conditions were better. The response to the British Government's urgent appeal for sandbags was immediate, and a non-stop round-the-clock airlift brought supplies from eight European countries which were unloaded and rushed by lorry to the most important points

On February 13 her Majesty the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh made long, separate tours of the scenes of disaster. The Queen went by car to Tilbury and Purfleet and then crossed the Thames by launch to visit Gravesend and Erith. She talked with refugees in rest centres, visited flooded houses, and met workers who had done outstanding service in saving Purfleet factories from damage. Her heartfelt sympathy, her distress at the sufferings of the victims and her admiration for their courage were vastly appreciated. She was interested in watching an R.A.F. "de-icing unit" operating to dry the ground floor of a flooded house.



THE AIRLIFT OF SANDBAGS IN PROGRESS: UNLOADING A CONSIGNMENT BROUGHT FROM SWITZERLAND BY A SWISS AIRCRAFT. A NON-STOP ROUND-THÉ-CLOCK SERVICE WAS ORGANISED FROM CONTINENTAL COUNTRIES TO BRING IN 5,500,000 SANDBAGS: WHILE OTHERS CAME BY SEA.



WATCHING AN R.A.F. "ROOM-WARMER" (AS A "DE-ICING UNIT," WHICH WAS USED TO DRY OUT THE FLOORS OF HOUSES, WAS CALLED) OPERATING ON A DWELLING AT TILBURY, ONE OF MANY INUNDATED THERE: HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN (LEFT; THREE-QUARTER FACE).

IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

THE production of white flowers by plants whose blossoms, normally, are coloured—blue, red, yellow—might be described crudely as a freak of nature, or, in modern phrase,

as just one of those things. A more exact and correct term would be albinism. The occurrence of albinism is due to a pigment deficiency. But what causes the deficiency I do not know. I wish I did. How pleasant to be able to change to purest white some of the more

YELLOW BERRIED.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

Albinism in plants is not confined to their flowers alone. Sometimes it appears in their fruits or berries. Instead of red, crimson or scarlet berries there will be a specimen which bears white, pale-green, or paler or darker yellow. As with the flowers, or the mammals, it is a case of pigment deficiency. A familiar instance is the holly. Normally the berries are scarlet, but there is the variety with bright yellow berries and a much rarer form with rich orange berries. Doubtless the yellow holly cropped up as a seedling from the scarlet, and has been propagated since by means of cuttings. In fact, it has probably occurred in this way many times, and to my mind it is almost as attractive as the traditional scarlet. As for the orange-berried holly, it is an extremely handsome and beautiful thing, which for some reason seems to have remained practically unknown. Only twice have I seen it, first in a cottage front garden in a Cambridgeshire village, and then some years later in an important garden in Hertfordshire. There were patches of it in a big holly hedge, most of which was the normal scarlet-berried type. That hedge had been planted with nursery-grown hollies, and yet I have never seen this variety mentioned in any nursery catalogue, and I can find no trace of it in Bean's "Trees and Shrubs Hardy in the British Isles." Something ought to be done about it.

A few yellow-fruited varieties of trees which normally have red berries have great charm and decorative value, and of these the yellow- and the orange-fruited hollies are perhaps the most outstanding examples. The yellow-fruited mountain ash, *Sorbus aucuparia xanthocarpa* (or *fructu-luteo*), is a beautiful thing, though one very seldom sees it. What would be far more valuable would be a variety of rowan whose berries were

distasteful to birds, or distasteful, shall we say, until the end of February. As it is, the greedy, improvident creatures guzzle the crop almost before it has reached its full splendour.

Of the common hawthorn, there is a yellow-berried variety which is interesting and attractive, and in a hedge in my garden at Stevenage I found a hawthorn with orange berries. I sent scions of this, for grafting purposes, to my friend Roland Jackman, of Woking. But I do not consider either of these as important and valuable as the normal-type hawthorn, which is perhaps our finest native berried tree. Single specimens of them planted amid a mass of the red-fruited type give pleasant variety rather akin to the freak value of Whistler's white lock.

Yew berries—or slop-gobbles, as country lads in some districts call them—make no sort of show in the general garden scene. They are too scattered over the sombre mass of the tree. But how beautiful they

are in detail, with the soft, matt, skin-texture of a penny balloon, and the big, jade-green seeds, sunk deep in their translucent red cups. The yellow- or amber-berried yew is no less beautiful. As a child I used to eat yew berries, being careful to spit out the green seeds. I did not really enjoy their sweetish sliminess. It was, I realise now, a form of exhibitionism. I only did it when nurses or ignorant grown-up visitors were about—anyone whom I could scare into a panic belief that I was poisoning myself. The red currant has given us white varieties, but these seem to have decorative value only. Raw, as dessert fruit, I have no use for either red or white currants. Too acid. But as jelly how good they are against the richness of certain meat dishes! The black currant does not seem to have given any variation as to colour. It would seem to be as incapable of changing its skin as the Ethiopian. Aesthetically this is a good thing. What more beautiful setting for a



A YELLOW-BERRIED CRATAEGUS IN FRUIT—PROBABLY ONE OF THE COCKSPUR THORNS. THIS SPECIES—*C. CRUS-GALLI*—WAS INTRODUCED FROM EASTERN N. AMERICA IN 1691.

offensive, revolting and aggressive colours that plant breeders are for ever infusing into certain races of garden flowers. I will not name varieties, nor even colours. To many gardeners they are pure joy.

Albinism is not, of course, confined to the plant world. It crops up quite often among us mammals, and among birds and reptiles too. In fact, the term is applied more often to animals than to plants. Full albinism in mammals usually involves pink eyes in addition to white fur or hair. Remember the pink eyes of the white rabbits, rats and mice that you cherished in childhood. The pink eyes of human albinos are very sensitive to strong light. I am thankful, therefore—speaking as mammal to mammal—that I have only one attribute of albinism, and that derived from seniority, not by inheritance. I am a sunshine and a bright-light fiend, as others are fresh-air fiends. A "weak solution of dark," as I once heard it called, depresses me, so much so that at breakfast on most winter mornings, I switch on the electric light—cost what it may. No, my eyes are not pink.

Some families of plants seem to be much more given to producing white-flowered freak individuals than others, and red- and blue-flowered plants in all their many ranges and combinations—pink, mauve, violet, purple, claret, etc.—seem to produce whites more often than the yellows. I have found white forms of a number of the gentian species, white forget-me-nots, knapweeds, heather, ground orchids, butterwort, primula and many others. But to remember finding albino forms of normally yellow flowers I should have to think far harder than I have any intention of stopping to think now.



THE YELLOW-BERRIED VARIETY OF THE MOUNTAIN ASH OR ROWAN—*SORBUS AUCUPARIA*: "A BEAUTIFUL THING, THOUGH ONE VERY SELDOM SEES IT." Photographs by R. A. Malby and Co.

flood of Jersey cream than the sombre splendour of a dish of stewed black currants?

Among the delicious and almost perpetual-fruiting little Alpine strawberries, white-fruited varieties are not at all uncommon. They crop up from seed from time to time, and seed saved from the whites gives white seedlings. But they are not popular, even though their flavour is just as good as that of the red ones, and though they are undoubtedly sweeter. At my nursery at Stevenage I specialised for many years in Alpine strawberries. We used to raise and distribute anything from 20,000 to 35,000 plants each year; but although I tried to popularise the sweeter white varieties, they hung fire utterly and completely.

Yellow- or amber-fruited raspberries are delightful to look at, but I have never discovered that they are either more delightful or less delightful to eat than the red ones. And that contradiction of terms, a yellow blackberry? Very few folk, I feel sure, have ever heard of such a novelty, and still less seen it. But it exists. Several specimens are growing in my garden now.

"AN IDEAL GIFT."

THIS year will be historic in that it will see the Coronation of her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II., and *The Illustrated London News* will be recording the event in two Double Numbers worthy of the beautifully produced records of the three previous Coronations. This suggests that, more than ever, there could be no better gift—to a dear friend, within one's family, to a business associate and particularly to friends overseas—than a year's subscription to *The Illustrated London News*.

Every week the current copy will arrive and provide an hour of enjoyment and interest and, with its appearance, will come a happy and agreeable remembrance of the friend who has sent it. Orders for subscriptions for *The Illustrated London News* to be sent overseas may be handed to any good-class newsagent or bookstall or sent direct to The Subscription Department, "The Illustrated London News," Ingram House, 195-198, Strand, London, W.C.2, and should include the name and address of the person to whom the copies are to be sent and the price of the subscription. Canada, £5 14s.; elsewhere abroad, £5 18s. 6d. (To include the Christmas Number.) Friends at home will naturally be equally appreciative of such a gift, and in that case the year's subscription is £5 16s. 6d. (To include the Christmas Number.)

THIS YEAR—CORONATION YEAR—ALL POSTAL SUBSCRIBERS WILL RECEIVE THE TWO CORONATION DOUBLE NUMBERS AT NO EXTRA COST.

A SURVEY OF THE NEWS: MODERN MARVELS, AND CURIOSITIES OF NATURE.



TAKING OFF FROM WISLEY AIRFIELD, SURREY, FOR PRESTWICK ON THE FIRST STAGE OF A TRANSATLANTIC FLIGHT: A VICKERS VISCOUNT 700, THE FIRST AIRLINER TO MAKE THE FLIGHT WITH GAS TURBINE ENGINES.

On February 13, a Vickers Viscount 700 left Wisley airfield on the first stage of a transatlantic flight to Canada. It has been placed at the disposal of Trans-Canada Air Lines until March 30 for technical tests to ensure that the airliner complies with their winter operating requirements. Trans-Canada Air Lines have ordered fifteen Viscounts at a cost of £4,100,000. This is the first transatlantic flight by an airliner powered by gas turbine engines, and, as the Viscount is not designed for trans-ocean routes, the flight was made by stages.



PRODUCING A LIGHT BRIGHTER THAN THAT OF THE SUN: THE NEW MAZDA TYPE F.A.5 FLASH TUBE DEMONSTRATED.

A new flash tube which produces a light of almost 1,000,000 candle power to the square inch has been developed in the Rugby laboratories of the British Thomson-Houston Company. It retains its top intensity of light for periods of 1/25th of a second and is now being used in many forms of medical research, as by its aid it is possible to photograph the growth of living cells.



PRESENTED TO CANADA BY THE AUSTRALIAN GOVERNMENT TO MARK THE COMMENCEMENT OF SIX BROADCASTS TO CANADIAN SCHOOLCHILDREN ON THE AUSTRALIAN FAUNA: A SPINY ANT-EATER, OR ECHIDNA.



READY TO BE FLOWN ACROSS THE PACIFIC TO CANADA: THE SPINY ANT-EATER AT TARONGA ZOOLOGICAL PARK.

One of Australia's two egg-laying mammals, the spiny ant-eater or echidna, arrived by air in Vancouver on January 19, as a gift to Canada from the Australian Government to mark the commencement of a series of six broadcasts to Canadian schoolchildren on the Australian fauna. After taking part in the opening ceremonies the spiny ant-eater was to be presented to the Toronto Zoo. The echidna relies on its sharp quills for protection and, after the egg is hatched, carries its young in a temporary pouch which develops during the breeding season.



TAKEN BY A SCHOOLBOY DURING THE ECLIPSE ON JANUARY 29: THE MOON AT 10.35 P.M., HALF-AN-HOUR BEFORE THE TOTAL PHASE BEGAN.

This photograph was taken by a schoolboy through the Uppingham School 10-in. reflecting telescope at 10.35 p.m. on January 29. The moon entered the true shadow of the earth at 9.54 p.m. and the total phase began at 11.5 p.m. and continued until 12.30 a.m. In London low clouds at times obscured the face of the moon, but in East Yorkshire, several parts of the West Country, and from a number of places on the South Coast, a clear view was obtained.



LOADING 17,000 TONS OF WATER FOR DELIVERY AT GIBRALTAR: THE NEWLY-COMPLETED OIL-TANKER JANOVA AT BELFAST BEFORE LEAVING ON HER MAIDEN VOYAGE.

Before leaving on her maiden voyage the newly-completed oil-tanker Janova took on board 17,000 tons of water for delivery at Gibraltar before proceeding to the Gulf of Mexico, where she is on charter to the Anglo-Saxon Petroleum Company. Built by Harland and Wolff, the Janova is owned by Ander Jabre of Sandefjord, Norway. Gibraltar depends to a large extent on the rainfall for its water-supply, and water is a valuable form of ballast for ships calling there.

THE WORLD OF THE CINEMA.

ALL AT SEA

By ALAN DENT.

DANTE in his melodious Italian tries to assure us that life has no greater sorrow than that of recalling a time of happiness when we are in a state of misery. But I have always secretly disagreed and opined that the opposite is truer—that it is far more poignant to recall a time of misery when in a state of tranquillity. Especially does this become true when one happens, either by accident or perverse choice, to revisit the scenes of one's benightedness and dismay.

The other night, far more from business than from choice, I found myself at Stoke-on-Trent, and I suddenly recollected—with a dull stab like that from an old wound or fracture—that nine years earlier almost to the day I was one of a dank little group of men who arrived at a remote railway-station in that neighbourhood to begin a six-weeks course of general training before being turned into sick-berth attendants. We were received by a gnarled C.P.O. whom we never learned to love, and who began by asking us if we knew any drill. When we all murmured no, he came away with the striking and memorable command: "Get fell in, an' I'll larn yer!" Whereupon we were marched from the station to the training-camp to set about "larning" how to be Service-numbers as distinct from human beings.

An evening or two later, when we "got fell in" again for our first sally forth to taste the delights of the Potteries in a seeping wet January, the same brusque gentleman addressed us at the "liberty boat" saying: "You 'se can go as far as Hanley if you 'se want to. But Stoke—repeat Stoke—is out of bounds!" Nine whole years elapsed before I could allay my coldish curiosity as to why any visit to Stoke was so proscribed. And now that I have dared to visit Stoke at last, I can only suppose that that dear C.P.O. had a hyper-subtle sense of humour, though to all appearance humour and he seemed never to have been even on nodding terms.

Some time I must already have divulged on this page how, after this naval training in the heart of darkest England, I became for a year chief barrow-boy in a big R.N. hospital on the South Coast. This assignment came about thus. I had had the ill-advised temerity to suggest to a fearfully officious personage called the Warrant Ward Master, that in view of my civilian career I might be far more usefully employed with a typewriter in a hospital-office than in the actual wards. "So you want a cushey number, do you!" said the W.W.M. with a kind of gleeful snarl. And there and then he assigned me the duty of conveying provisions and medicines and churns of milk all day and every day, all round the spacious hospital, with

sufficient excuse for such a personal preamble. But there it is; and it is not, I must hope, an overwhelmingly egoistic presumption that any reader who evinces interest in my opinions may be asked, once



"A STORY WHICH CONTRIVES TO BE AT ONE AND THE SAME TIME EXCEEDINGLY SIMPLE AND EXCEEDINGLY COMPLICATED": "THE CRIMSON PIRATE" (WARNER BROS.)—A SCENE FROM THE FILM SHOWING CAPTAIN VALLO (BURT LANCASTER), WHO HAS PROMISED TO FREE THE REBEL LEADER, EL LIBRE, FROM HIS ISLAND PRISON ON CONDITION THAT CONSUELO (EVA BARTOK), EL LIBRE'S DAUGHTER, ACCOMPANIES HIM.

in a long time, to evince a passing interest in my experiences as well. *Experientia docet*, as Tacitus remarked, to be pleasingly translated in due course by Mrs. Micawber as "Experientia does it!"

Circumstances not entirely under my control obliged me to see these three films within the

course of the same afternoon and evening—a dizzying orgy. They were, in this order, "Plymouth Adventure," with Spencer Tracy as the captain of the *Mayflower*; "Blackbeard the Pirate," with Robert Newton as a buccaneering rascal who makes Captain Hook pale by comparison; and "The Crimson Pirate," in which Burt Lancaster, in crimson nether garments,

which might be either very long shorts or very short trousers, laughs and swaggers his way through a story which contrives to be at one and the same time exceedingly simple and exceedingly complicated.

Mr. Tracy, giving far and away the best performance of the three, is a morose and lonely officer who hates his Puritan cargo and is persuaded, for reasons which are not at all explicit, to dump them all in New England instead of in Virginia, which was their intended destination. One of the cargo, a married Puritan,

played in a pale, over-genteel kind of way by Gene Tierney, tells the captain throughout the voyage that she hates him, informs him that she has discovered his secret—that he has a heart buried deep beneath his hard-bitten exterior, and finally makes it clear that she will willingly drown for love of him. All of this is neither very consequent nor very interesting. But Mr. Tracy deploys to great advantage his marvellous gift of suggesting that he has masses of pent-up emotion beneath his beetling exterior, and even though this never comes to anything very much, we somehow do not feel at all cheated.

Mr. Newton, on the other hand, does nothing but roar and chuckle and roll his eyes—more especially the left eye, since the right one stays more or less half shut with its own wickedness. There is nothing pent-up about Mr. Newton. He is, by the end of this film, in fact, positively pent-down. He sleeps with his eyes open, and curls his beard with red ribbons. Perhaps his language is a little disappointing. He swears, for example, by nothing stronger than thunder (whereas Captain Hook, as we never tire of hearing, could swear by carbonate of soda!). His behaviour, too, with the heroine—played with cold disdain and an expanse of bosom somewhat brazen for a pirate ship by Linda Darnell—is distinctly odd, for Blackbeard, who rolls his eye in most directions, hardly ever rolls it straight in the direction of this haughty sorceress, who is called Edwina.

With Mr. Lancaster, now, it is different, for never does his particular siren, played by Eva Bartok, come into his ken than he desists momentarily from showing his white teeth and allows a flicker of emotion to widen his nostrils. Miss Bartok must be said to give the best performance of all the ladies in these three films. She is very pretty and very uncomplicated without being at all insipid, and she is in all ways vastly easier to follow than the famous Hungarian composer whose name she shares.

All three films are in extremely attractive Technicolor. They remind us insistently that sailing-ships can be as beautiful as birds, and they are in all ways pleasing to that part of the mind that wisely refuses to grow mature and adult. "Plymouth Adventure" has, moreover, as prolonged and as horrifying a storm at sea as I ever remember enduring in any film. This is seasick-making! I shall risk returning to the mood of my preamble, in conclusion, by saying that William Bendix in "Blackbeard the Pirate" gives a masterly



"ROBERT NEWTON AS A BUCCANEERING RASCAL WHO MAKES CAPTAIN HOOK HIMSELF GROW PALE BY COMPARISON": "BLACKBEARD THE PIRATE" (RKO)—A SCENE FROM THE FILM IN WHICH BLACKBEARD (ROBERT NEWTON; SECOND FROM RIGHT) FORCES NOLL (ALAN MOWBRAY; CENTRE) TO BE HIS DOUBLE AND FIGHT A DUEL TO THE DEATH WITH THEIR MORTAL ENEMY, SIR HENRY MORGAN. THE DUTCHMAN (DICK WESSEL) TWISTS NOLL'S ARM WHILE MAYNARD (KEITH ANDES) AND EDWINA MANSFIELD (LINDA DARNELL), BLACKBEARD'S CAPTIVES, WATCH THE SINISTER PROCEEDINGS.



"SPENCER TRACY AS THE CAPTAIN OF THE MAYFLOWER... A MOROSE AND LONELY OFFICER WHO HATES HIS PURITAN CARGO...": "PLYMOUTH ADVENTURE" (M.-G.-M.)—A SCENE FROM THE FILM SHOWING CHRISTOPHER JONES, MASTER (SPENCER TRACY) AND MRS. DOROTHY BRADFORD (GENE TIERNEY), WHO "FINALLY" MAKES IT CLEAR THAT SHE WILL WILLINGLY DROWN FOR LOVE OF HIM."

a heavy two-wheeled truck and no company or assistant. I should have enjoyed this way of "doing my bit" very much more if I had been twenty rather than forty. But I am not aware of having uttered anything so futile and boring as a complaint until this belated moment. And I did my work with doggedness and thoroughness and even alacrity, having all the time a fixed conviction that worse things might happen, and indeed were happening, at sea.

Three nautical films, all about voyages under sail between 100 and 300 years ago, are hardly, I suppose,

portrayal of a dumb ox of a pirate petty-officer—the Service type, still extant and rife, who are without the brain to be commissioned officers and have only just enough imagination to perceive the fact that further power is beyond their achievement. Such semi-potentates have usually a spiteful low cunning beyond decent calculation, and their stupidity is—in Schiller's phrase—"a stupidity with which the gods themselves would struggle in vain."

FROM MANY LANDS: A PICTORIAL RECORD OF CURRENT EVENTS.



MAJOR RENWICK (LEFT) AND HIS HOLYSTONE LIFELONG, WATERLOO CUP WINNER, AND THE TRAINER, MR. SCOTT. Major G. A. Renwick's *Holystone Lifelong*, a third-season dog by *Large as Life* out of *Holystone Snowflake*, won the Waterloo Cup at Altcar on February 13, with an official time of 34 secs. for the final. *Holystone Lifelong* is trained by Mr. A. Scott. Lord Setton's *Red Sucker* was second.



AFTER THE EXPLOSION WHICH WRECKED THE MAIN OFFICE AND INJURED THREE PERSONS: THE SOVIET LEGATION, TEL AVIV.

On February 9 a bomb thrown through a ground-floor window of the Russian Legation, Tel Aviv, wrecked the main offices and injured three persons, including Mme. Yershov, wife of the Soviet Minister in Tel Aviv. Mr. Ben-Gurion, the Israeli Prime Minister, denounced the outrage; and thirty arrests were made in a search for the authors of it.



RETURNING TO THE SOVIET LEGATION FROM HOSPITAL: MME. YERSHOV, WHO WAS INJURED IN THE EXPLOSION.

On February 11 twenty persons were injured in a demonstration in Jerusalem by the Israel-Soviet Friendship League. On February 12 it was announced that Soviet Russia had decided to break off diplomatic relations with Israel.



SLIDING OFF THE DECK OF AN L.S.T. INTO MONTEREY BAY, CALIFORNIA: A 98-TON B.A.R.C., THE U.S. ARMY'S NEW EXPERIMENTAL AMPHIBIOUS LANDING CRAFT, SEEN IN WHAT IS BELIEVED TO BE THE FIRST B.A.R.C. LAUNCHING FROM A SHIP. PRESUMABLY THE CRAFT CAN BE LAUNCHED FROM EITHER SIDE OF A SHIP AND THIS DEVICE MIGHT, WITH ADVANTAGE, BE ADAPTED FOR LAUNCHING LIFEBOATS FROM LINERS IN DISTRESS.



BEING STRIPPED OF HIS RANK: GENERAL HUSSEIN SIRRY AMER, WHO WAS SENTENCED IN CAIRO ON FEBRUARY 11 TO LIFE IMPRISONMENT.

On February 11 General Hussein Sirry Amer, former chief of the Frontier Corps, was sentenced to life imprisonment and dismissal from the Army. This photograph shows an officer stripping him of his rank. He was found guilty of desertion, inciting to revolt and trafficking in arms with Israel.



IN LONDON: MLE. MAGALI VENDEUIL, ONE OF THE STARS OF *LES BELLES DE NUIT*.

The French Film Festival was held in London from February 10-16. On the second night, February 11, the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh attended a gala performance at the Rialto of René Clair's *Les Belles de Nuit*, starring Gerard Philipe, Martine Carol, Gina Lollobrigida and



TWO FRENCH ACTRESSES WHO ATTENDED THE GALA PERFORMANCE OF *LES BELLES DE NUIT* ON FEBRUARY 11: MLE. MARTINE CAROL (LEFT) AND MLE. DANIELLE CODET.



ARRIVING AT THE RIALTO FOR THE GALA PERFORMANCE: THE FRENCH ACTRESS MLE. SIMONE SIGNORET.

Magali Vendeuil. The other films shown during the Festival were *Fanfan la Tulipe*; *Barbe Bleue*, *La Table aux Crêpes*, *La Minute de Vérité* and *Don Camillo*. A number of well-known French actresses, actors and directors came to London for the Festival.



A REFERENCE in a talk about Angling Pictures a few weeks ago to the exasperating Alken family, in which brothers, uncles and nephews give the impression of signing one another's names indiscriminately, brought a letter from the West Country asking whether the man who produced various prints under the name of "Ben Tally Ho" was not a member of this family. The answer is yes and, moreover, the best of them all—lively and original and able to interpret the jolly robustness of the nineteenth-century hunting field from the inside, for he was a follower of the Quorn and, in his way, as good an observer of sporting ways as Surtees himself. Not for him the sour aphorism that fox-hunting is no more than the pursuit of the uneatable by the unspeakable.

This admirable draughtsman, "Ben Tally Ho," is Henry Alken, by general consent the most considerable artist among several quite competent practitioners of the same surname. But first I had better get him placed firmly in the midst of his family. These appear to be the facts. Grandfather Sefferin Alken was of Danish extraction and a carver in wood and stone. His son, Samuel I., was engraver and architect; and his sons were Samuel II., Henry Thomas ("Ben Tally Ho"), and Seffrien John. (This generation altered the spelling.) Brothers Samuel and Seffrien signed their pictures "S. Alken"—tiresome of them!—and both were sporting painters. Henry had two sons, Samuel Henry (Samuel III.) and Seffrien II. Samuel III. copied his father's style and signed his pictures "H. Alken"; Seffrien II. signed his pictures "S. Alken," like his two uncles, and you have to know quite a lot before you can hope to sort them out correctly.

Let us forget them all except Henry, who was born in 1785; led a very full, industrious and relatively prosperous life until his health began to fail somewhere about the year 1840. The last years must have been heart-breaking—taste was changing, and with it his special skill. He died, a very poor

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

THE BEST OF THE ALKEN FAMILY.

By FRANK DAVIS.

Fig. 3. There is this, I think, to be said for this last joke—when a writer of parts seizes on to the subject, he may begin to laugh at his victim but he ends by loving him; this is what happened to Surtees with dear old Mr. Jorrocks and the pawky Mr. James Pigg, and this is what happened to the young Charles Dickens with that ineffable sportsman and booby Mr. Winkle, who eventually comes to life as a perfect dear. The maker of popular prints is merely concerned with the original joke and his persons are but lay figures. The first drawing is the original for one of a set of six engravings, "The Miseries of Driving." This set, together with seven "Miseries of Hunting" and seven "Miseries of Shooting," were all published under the title of "Sporting Discoveries by Ben Tally Ho." The drawing of Fig. 3 is the original drawing for one of a set of seven engravings published in the previous year, that is, 1815, and entitled

kind of thing which produced the comment at the time: "He paints what he feels. He is what Fielding is to Defoe. He not only can do what Cruikshank cannot, but he can also do almost anything that Cruikshank can." Whether that contemporary judgment would meet with approval to-day is another matter, but it seems to show what people thought about Henry Alken at the time—that he was a great deal more than a quick-witted caricaturist. That he could be, when he wished, a first-class illustrator was proved beyond all argument with the famous set of the Quorn, probably the best-known set of sporting prints ever issued, eight of them aquatinted by F. C. Lewis in 1835, depicting the incidents of a run, from the meet to the death, with Squire Osbaldeston, the Master, and what the *New Sporting Magazine* described as "The Élite of the Field." (There is a naïve snob-

bishness among sporting writers of that generation which is very engaging.) In these prints Alken handles very complicated groupings of men, horses and hounds with great skill, and it was extremely interesting on the occasion of the Ellis and Smith exhibition in 1949 to see the original drawings from which the prints were made.

On second thoughts, perhaps I am in error in suggesting that the Quorn set contains the best-known of all sporting prints. It probably is to fox-hunters, but I dare say a much wider public will be more familiar with some of Alken's steeplechase prints, of which there are many. The set which stays longest in the memory is one of four published in 1839 and entitled "First Steeplechase on Record; or, The Night Riders of Nacton. Engraved by J. Harris." Do you remember the story? The officers of the cavalry regiment at Ipswich in December 1803 were killing time after mess, inspecting their horses, when one of them proposed to match his grey against the field, at once, over a course of four and a half miles to Nacton Church. It was moonlight and it was decided that night-shirts and nightcaps should be worn—"Whereby we shall not only see each other better, but also ourselves remain unknown to vulgar eyes, if any such behold us." (Note, please, the highly genteel mode of expression alleged to have been used by these hard-riding cavalymen.) These four famous plates have the following titles:



FIG. 1. "THE DANDY LOSING FACE" ONE OF A SET OF SIX DRAWINGS ILLUSTRATING "THE MISERIES OF DRIVING," BY HENRY ALKEN (1785-1851). (7½ by 10½ ins.) This drawing, made in 1816 by Henry Alken (1785-1851) is an example of his popular comic sporting style. It is an original drawing for one of a set of six engravings, "The Miseries of Driving," which, with "The Miseries of Hunting" and "The Miseries of Shooting," were published under the title of "Sporting Discoveries by Ben Tally Ho."

"Qualified Horses and Unqualified Riders, or The Reverse of Sporting Phrases, from the work entitled Indispensable Accomplishments. By Ben Tally Ho, an occasional visitor to Leicestershire."

Looking back from the vantage

point of the age of the cinema, which has shown us exactly how horses move at speed, it seems odd that the convention for the galloping horse—forelegs and hind-legs sprawled out together—was accepted by so many generations of observant artists, even by so meticulously accurate a painter as George Stubbs, who knew more about the animal's anatomy than anyone before or since, but so it was; and so deeply engrained in our subconscious is this

absurd convention, thanks to a multitude of sporting prints, that it is nearly impossible to look out from a height over hunting country without imagining it dotted with little figures going hell-for-leather and spread-eagled in this impossible posture. With a reputation firmly established for this kind of slap-happy heartiness, Henry, by the 1820's, seems to have settled down to more serious work—he is no longer, or anyway, not so often, poking fun at the world, but turning out elegant, not to say sensitive, studies of country subjects, pheasant-shooting, fox-hunting, racing and so forth—and of this very definite style, which most people, and I think with reason, consider marks the real Alken, Fig. 2 is as good an example as any—nice, clean line based upon the keenest possible understanding of how horses are made and how to ride them. It is presumably this



FIG. 2. "EXERCISING RACEHORSES"; BY HENRY ALKEN (1785-1851), AN EXAMPLE OF HIS LATER PERIOD, WHEN HE TURNED OUT SENSITIVE, ELEGANT STUDIES OF COUNTRY SUBJECTS. (13½ by 19 ins.) This drawing, which belongs to the second period of Henry Alken's work, shows a view on Newmarket Heath, with three thoroughbreds at exercise, stable lads up, and the trainer on his hack behind them.

man, in 1851. He had begun life as a miniature-painter, and his only two exhibits at the Royal Academy were miniature portraits painted in 1801 and 1802. He soon found his true *métier*, that of a light-hearted journalist of sporting events—semi-satirical drawings and prints which were exactly to the public taste, in which a liking for horseflesh is married to an amused contempt for human beings. Here, in Figs. 1 and 3, are two drawings which will illustrate this phase of his career. I saw them last at an exhibition arranged by Messrs. Ellis and Smith in 1949. They are typical of his style and bear witness to the great popularity of this sort of hearty, jocular humour. Rowlandson had played about with it for years, and the tradition lasted well into Queen Victoria's reign, both visually and in print—the dandy losing face as in Fig. 1, or the city gent in trouble in the hunting field as in



FIG. 3. ONE OF A SET OF SEVEN; THE ORIGINAL DRAWING FOR AN ENGRAVING IN "QUALIFIED HORSES AND UNQUALIFIED RIDERS," BY HENRY ALKEN (1785-1851). (7½ by 10½ ins.) "Qualified Horses and Unqualified Riders, or the Reverse of Sporting Phrases," was a set of seven engravings from "Indispensable Accomplishments by Ben Tally Ho, an occasional visitor to Leicestershire." This is one of the originals. It bears the inscription, "Going along a slapping pace—for the very same reason that a criminal goes to gaol, and the end of your career; the only difference is that you finish yours with honour and the acclamation of your friends."

1. Ipswich, the Watering Place behind the Barracks. Preparing to Start. All sorts of Odds. The Grey for Choice.
2. The Large Field near Biles Corner. Whoop and Away: The Major in Trouble. Subden's Linen Suffers.
3. The Last Field near Nacton Heath. Accomplished Smashers. A Run upon the Bank.
4. Nacton Church and Village. The Finish. A Good Five still Alive. Grand Chorus "The Lads of the Village."

It is, in its way, an immortal story, and none the worse for not being strictly true. There was a race of that kind, but it was by no means the first steeplechase on record.



DESIGNED TO PREVENT SALMON SMOLTS FROM ENTERING THE WATER IN FRONT OF THE MECHANICAL SCREENS AT THE INTAKE TO THE AQUEDUCT SUPPLYING WATER TO THE TUMMEL BRIDGE POWER STATION: AN EXPERIMENTAL ELECTRIC SCREEN AT DUNALASTAIR DAM WHICH DIVERTS THE FISH INTO THE FISH-PASS.



CLAIMED TO BE 100 PER CENT. SUCCESSFUL IN PREVENTING SALMON AND SEA-TROUT FROM SWIMMING INTO THE TAIL-RACE OF THE POWER STATION WHEN GOING UP-STREAM: AN ELECTRIC SCREEN AT PITLOCHRY POWER STATION.

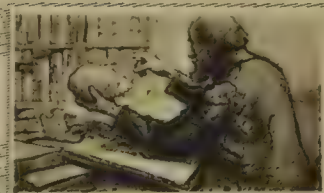
ELECTRICAL "TRAFFIC CONTROL" FOR SALMON: DEVICES USED AT SCOTTISH POWER STATIONS TO PRESERVE THE FISH.

In our issue of March 22 last year we illustrated two methods of using electricity for fishing; with direct current the fish are attracted to the positive electrode and can be netted out, and this has been used here and in the United States to remove unwanted fish from trout waters, while alternating current causes them to move away from the electrified area and the fish can thus be guided into a trap or net. On February 2 Mr. Norman G. Lethlean, a technical and research engineer on the staff of the North of Scotland Hydro-Electric Board, submitted a paper on "An Investigation into the Design and Performance of

Electric Fish Screens and Electric Fish Counters" to the Royal Society of Edinburgh in which he revealed that the Board had produced an electric screen which had been completely successful in preventing salmon and sea-trout from swimming into the tail-race of a power station when going up-stream; an electric screen which had diverted 70 per cent. of descending salmon smolts from an aqueduct leading to the turbines of a power station; and a device which counted the number of fish passing up and down the fish-passes but did not record the passage of debris. He said that the smolts were not injured by the current.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



THE LAMMERGEIER IN EUROPE.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

REPORTS last week spoke of a Lammergeier having been seen in the Austrian Alps. Coupled with them was the suggestion that the bird must be presumed to have wandered in from the Caucasus or the Himalayas, since it had been extinct—some reports claimed it had been extinct in the Austrian Tyrol, others extinct in Europe—for the last 100 years. The Lammergeier, or Bearded Vulture (*Gypaëtus barbatus*), is almost as legendary a bird to me as the phoenix. Certainly I have never seen one in the flesh, unless it be years ago in the London Zoo. But this suggestion that it had been extinct in Europe for so long seemed to me to be suspect. All the general books in my own library spoke of it as "believed to be extinct" or "almost extinct," although here and there one found the remark "probably extinct in the Austrian Tyrol." It seemed worth while going more fully into the matter.

The standard work on the classification and distribution is Peters' "Birds of the World," a many-volumed work. The section dealing with the birds of prey was published in 1931, and in it the author recognises three sub-species of bearded vulture, *Gypaëtus barbatus aureus*, *G. barbatus barbatus* and *G. barbatus meridionalis*. He gives their respective ranges as follows: *aureus*, "mountains of South-Eastern Europe (Pyrenees, formerly; Alps, Apennines), islands in the Mediterranean Sea, East to Northern China and South to Southern Arabia and the Himalayas"; *barbatus*, "Northern Africa (mountains of Morocco, Algeria and Tunisia)"; and *meridionalis*, "mountains of Ethiopia and South Africa." It may be, of course, that in the twenty-two years that have intervened since Peters wrote this, the position has altered radically in Europe; but it is doubtful if the change can have been so great. Rather, it seems that the exact standing of the bird is unknown. Certainly statements on it are contradictory. Thus, in Peters, as quoted above, "... South-Eastern Europe (Pyrenees, formerly; Alps, Apennines) ..." is not at all clear. Or, again, he gives, for the sub-species *barbatus*, "... mountains of Morocco, Algeria and Tunisia ..." whereas other authors speak of the bird as extinct in the Atlas Mountains.

Since my own books were inadequate and Peters not fully satisfying, more voluminous, if not more authoritative, works were called for. Sharpe and Dresser, "Birds of Europe (1871-1881)," describe the Lammergeier's range as in the "high mountain ranges of the Pyrenees and Alps, in Africa only in the Atlas range, and eastwards extends to India, where it occurs in the North-Western Himalayas; and it has likewise been met with in China." Kirke Swann, in his "Monograph of the Birds of Prey" (1945), is more explicit: "It is found in the Pyrenees and most of the high mountain ranges of Spain, also Sardinia, Corsica, Sicily and Crete in the Mediterranean. In the Alps and Tyrol it seems now to be extinct, but eastward is still found in some parts of the Balkans, especially Greece, also in Asia Minor, the Caucasus and Persia." And to the same effect we have the findings of Hermann in 1869 that, in the Eastern Alps of Siebenbürgen, a pair inhabited almost every mountain. To summarise the position, as best we can without extensive and laborious research, it seems that the Lammergeier is by no means extinct in Europe, and may have become extinct in the Austrian Tyrol in, perhaps, the last twenty years or so, but even this is not certain.

Incidentally, one cannot resist the temptation to recall the several birds and mammals, believed to have been extinct, which have been re-discovered in the last twenty years.

Altogether, the Lammergeier seems very hardly done by, for it has disappeared from parts of its former range in Europe, such as from the French Alps, and has become rare or very rare in other places. The usually-accepted cause is its persecution for alleged



A MAGNIFICENT BIRD WHICH DIFFERS FROM THE TRUE VULTURES IN HAVING THE HEAD COVERED WITH FEATHERS: THE LAMMERGEIER, OR BEARDED VULTURE, WHICH IS REPORTED TO HAVE REAPPEARED IN THE AUSTRIAN ALPS. Photograph reproduced by courtesy of the Zoological Society of London.



EASILY RECOGNISED IN FLIGHT BY ITS LONG, POINTED WINGS AND LONG, WEDGE-SHAPED TAIL: THE LAMMERGEIER ON THE WING—A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN KASHMIR, ILLUSTRATING THE BIRD'S WING-SPAN, WHICH MAY EXCEED 8 FT. It was reported in *The Times* of February 9 that the Lammergeier, or bearded vulture, had been seen flying over remote parts of the mountains in Western Austria. The last record of the bird breeding in the Alps was in 1880, and the last Swiss specimen was found poisoned in 1887, though a single specimen is believed to have been seen in the following year. Photograph by Lieut.-Colonel R. S. P. Bates.

stealing of lambs, kids, fowls, even children. The name Lammergeier means lamb-vulture, and we have here doubtless yet another example of giving a dog a bad name, for all writers on the bird state emphatically that it is a carrion-feeder, that it never takes even a sickly lamb, as long as it is alive, and that it is more interested in cracking marrow-bones than in snatching babies.

There are stories of babies having been carried off but these are not usually given credence. A typical example is one which tells of a baby having been laid on the grass, asleep, while its parents were at work in the fields. The father had placed his hat over the babe's face, and since the Lammergeier carried off the babe, it could be reasonably concluded that the bird mistook the child's exposed torso and limbs for carrion. At all events, the baby was later recovered unharmed except for a few slight scratches on the arms and legs.

With so much uncertainty, or even obscurity, on the present status and range of the bird in Europe, on its food and behaviour generally, the true picture is not easy to assess. It does seem, however, that there is a marked contrast between the fortunes of this large bird in Europe, on the one hand, and in Asia, on the other. In Europe it is rare, and has been consistently persecuted, at least in the past. In Asia, and in certain parts especially, it is numerous, and in parts of Tibet is so closely living with man as to take on the character, almost, of a domesticated animal. It is, nevertheless, difficult to believe that persecution is the sole cause of the reduction in its numbers in Europe. We have, for example, the remark by Sharpe and Dresser, concerning a Lammergeier's nest in the Lower Pyrenees, that it was "harassed several times by the late Captain Locke, but that [the pair] continued to nest almost in the same spot."

If, as is suggested by this remark, the bird is not readily upset by being disturbed, then we should not expect persecution to be a major factor in its decline in Europe. And as to the possibility of persecution itself being rigorously pressed, we have to remember that the bird inhabits the high, inaccessible parts of the mountain ranges. It is, moreover, unusually solitary, even for a large raptorial bird. There are left, then, two possible explanations, either or both of which may constitute the prime cause of the diminution in numbers. The first concerns the peculiarities of its habitat, the second its food. Canon Tristram, who studied the bird in Asia Minor, thought the conformation of the mountains rather than temperature, or other factors, determined its habitat, "for it may be found at all times of the year in the tremendous gorges which flank the deep and sultry Jordan Valley." A similar idea is implied in the words of other writers. If, therefore, there is a restriction

in the type of habitat used, then the availability of food becomes even more important.

It is implied in several accounts that, in Asia, the abundance or otherwise of Lammergeiers is linked with the amount of carrion available in the country around. In other words, where it is noticeable that carcasses of wild animals or other refuse are to be met, there the birds will be noticeably numerous. It had been suggested to me some time ago that an absence of carrion might be one cause of the reduction in numbers of the golden eagle in the British Isles. The suggestion is not acceptable to all ornithologists, but it could be more acceptable, perhaps, in regard to the Lammergeier. The more settled and populous an area, under modern conditions of farming and general hygiene, the less likely is carrion to occur, because of reduction in the wild animal population, and the less likely is carrion, from wild or domesticated animals, to be left long unburied. With a

cleaning-up of the countryside the scavenger is inevitably put out of business. The restricted habitat and the limited food supply would then produce a situation in which even a moderate persecution would tell enormously. The pattern of the Lammergeier's distribution in Europe, as implied by the words of Kirke Swann, would be such as we might expect if these were the governing causes.



ADDED TO THE LIST OF BRITISH BIRDS IN 1951: THE BLUE-CHEEKED BEE-EATER (MEROPS SUPERCILIOSUS).

As a result of observations made by Miss Hilda M. Quick on June 22, 1951, on St. Agnes (Isles of Scilly), the Blue-cheeked Bee-eater (*Merops Superciliosus*) has been added to the list of British birds. We reproduce a painting of it by Roger Tory Peterson, the eminent American ornithologist who is at present working with Mr. Guy Mountfort and Mr. P. A. D. Hollom on an important book on the Birds of Europe. This painting, which shows the bird perching, and also in flight, to display the copper colour of the underside of the wings, was first reproduced in "British Birds" magazine, and is now

in the collection of the Edward Grey Institute for Field Ornithology at Oxford. The Blue-cheeked Bee-eater has occurred as a vagrant in France and Sicily, but Europe is outside its normal range, which includes East Africa and Madagascar, North-West Africa, Egypt, Syria, Iraq and Persia. Miss Quick said that the length of the tail-streamers was "as shown in pictures of *Merops Apiaster*." The bird which she saw may have belonged to the Middle Eastern race rather than the Saharan; but this cannot be determined with absolute certainty.

Reproduced from the painting by Roger Tory Peterson.



THE BRILLIANT AND VIRTUALLY UNIQUE SABIAN MOSAIC DISCOVERED NEAR URFA, SHOWING A NOBLE FAMILY OF EDESSA OF THE SECOND CENTURY A.D. THE HEAD, MAQIMŪ (THIRD FROM RIGHT), WITH HIS WIFE (EXTREME RIGHT) AND THEIR FOUR CHILDREN (LEFT). THE CENTRAL FIGURE (IN PERSIAN CAP) IS MA'NŪ, FATHER OF SHALMATH (SECOND FROM RIGHT), WHO MARRIED KING ABGAR THE GREAT. ABGAR VISITED ROME AND BECAME A CHRISTIAN.



FROM THE HOUSE OF AN ASSYRIAN PRIESTESS OF SIN (SEVENTH CENTURY B.C.) FOUND AT SULTANTEPE: (LEFT) AN IVORY HEAD INLAID WITH GOLD (ENLARGED)—PHENICIAN OR NORTH SYRIAN WORK (EIGHTH CENTURY B.C.); (CENTRE) A FAIENCE PERFUME BOTTLE, WITH A PALM-TREE DESIGN; (RIGHT) A UNIQUE PURSE OR BAG MADE OF BEADWORK.

A SABIAN FAMILY'S PORTRAIT GALLERY IN A UNIQUE MOSAIC FROM URFA, AND TRINKETS OF AN ASSYRIAN PRIESTESS OF THE MOON-GOD OF HARRAN, DATING FROM 2600 YEARS AGO.

From colour transcriptions by Mrs. Seton Lloyd.

SEEKING THE TEMPLE OF SIN, MOON-GOD OF HARRAN, AND LIGHT ON THE STRANGE SABIAN SECT THROUGH 1400 YEARS.

By SETON LLOYD, Director of the British Institute of Archaeology at Ankara. Incorporating reports by DR. D. S. RICE, Reader in Islamic Art and Archaeology in the University of London, and DR. J. B. SEGAL, Lecturer in Modern Hebrew at the School of Oriental and African Studies.

IN the early summer of 1952 the joint expedition of the Turkish Antiquities Department and the British Institute of Archaeology at Ankara completed a second season of two months' excavating at the summit of the mound called Sultantepe, on the road between Harran and modern Urfa. The expedition was led by Bay Nuri Gökce, Director of the Archaeological Museum, Ankara, and Mr. Seton Lloyd, Director of the Institute. They were assisted in the field by Bay Burhan Tezcan, Assistant at the Archaeological Museum, Mr. J. D. Evans, Fellow of the Institute, and by Mr. G. R. H. Wright as architect.

Mr. Seton Lloyd writes: As reported in *The Illustrated London News* of September 1, 1951, and in *The Times* of June 28, 1951, our first objective had been a search for the famous temple of the moon-god "Sin of Harran," and how, finding the city of Harran in which it stood too deeply buried beneath the debris of classical and Islamic times to be accessible, our attention had been diverted towards the subsidiary temples of the same god, which were known to have been located at various points in the surrounding district. In this quest we were much assisted by the existing records of the Sabians, a strange pagan sect, who are known to have persisted in the worship of the old Mesopotamian gods and the preservation of their original shrines almost down to the Middle Ages. Guided largely by such topographical evidence as was to be obtained from Sabian traditions, we selected Sultantepe for a first archaeological sounding in the spring of 1951, and were rewarded not only by finding an Assyrian building having the character and proportions of a temple, but by encountering just outside this building and directly beneath the surface, a hoard of cuneiform tablets which seemed to be the discarded contents of a temple library. A hundred

J. B. Segal, also of the School of Oriental and African Studies. All three of these projects met with remarkable success.

At Sultantepe, a wide area was cleared around the



FIG. 1. IN SEARCH FOR THE TEMPLE OF SIN: A DEEP TRENCH CUT ACROSS THE SUMMIT OF THE SULTANTEPE MOUND, SHOWING TRACES OF WALLS REVEALED AT A DEPTH OF 20 FT. On this and the next two pages we give the reports of a three-fold expedition sponsored by the Turkish Antiquities Department and the British Institute of Archaeology at Ankara. The expedition was led by Bay Nuri Gökce, Director of the Archaeological Museum, Ankara, and Mr. Seton Lloyd, Director of the Institute; and their work was concentrated on the Sultantepe Mound and the search for a temple of Sin, the moon-god of Harran.

tablet hoard, in preparation for its final removal. The tablets proved to have been stacked against the outer wall of a rather large private house at a point where a small brick pedestal (possibly the offering-table before a domestic shrine), projected from it (Figs. 5 and 7). The house, which we were able partly to clear and which contained some interesting ornamental Assyrian pottery, could be assumed to belong to an individual called Qurdi Nergal, a priest, the frequent mention of whose name in the colophons of the tablets suggested that the collection of documents was his own. The situation in which they were found (stacked behind a barrier of empty wine-jars) intimated that an attempt was being made to rescue them when the temple and acropolis generally was being looted, and the presence of a human skull lying on the pavement a few feet away, among a litter of broken pottery, emphasised the general confusion which must have reigned at the time.

In fact, it now seems most probable that the looting of the Sultantepe temple may have coincided with the sack of Harran itself by the Scythians in 610 B.C. The mound had remained unoccupied for several centuries afterwards, and the pile of tablets had gradually become buried beneath the accumulating dust.

Most of the tablets recovered this season were fragments of varying sizes, but a number of these

were rejoined by Dr. Gurney as the work progressed, and undoubtedly many more joins will be made when the whole hoard has been carefully studied. Altogether 572 whole tablets and fragments have been separately numbered and catalogued during the two seasons. As reported last year, the tablets seem to have constituted a library of religious, literary, magical and lexical texts, very like those of the Assyrian kings at Nineveh and Assur, but on a smaller scale. The dates in the colophons range from 700 B.C. to nearly the end of the Assyrian Empire in 612 B.C. (The dates for the last thirty-six years of the Assyrian kingdom cannot be accurately identified.) Only one small extract of the Epic of Gilgamesh has been found; but nearly every one of the seven tablets of the Epic of Creation is represented, tablet IV. by no fewer than four copies. There are portions of the Poem of the Righteous Sufferer (sometimes known as the Babylonian Job), and fragments of the Myth of Irra, the plague-god. One unique text is a tale of the wars of King Shalmaneser III. (859-824 B.C.). Among this season's tablets are two rather badly preserved lists of the Assyrian officials called *limmu*, after whom the years were named: one of these covers the years 911-750 B.C., and helps to establish the chronology of the reigns of Adad-nirari II. and Tukulti-Ninurta II. There is also one small baked tablet, containing the text of a mathematical table of reciprocals, with many of the numbers spelt out in Sumerian.

While the tablets were being cleared, an investigation was made of a larger subsidiary building on the east side of the acropolis. Here a small chamber, hardly 5 ft. across, between immensely thick walls, appeared to have been the private apartment of some priestess or other Assyrian lady, for it contained a rich assortment of toilet articles and other personal treasures (Figs. 4, 6, 8, 9, 10 and Colour Supplement). Many of these objects, which lay on a low shelf around the base of the wall, were of foreign workmanship and reminded one of Harran's situation on an important trade route. The first object to appear was a fine ivory palette, somewhat different in style from the famous Nimrud ivories, but

of undoubtedly Phoenician workmanship (Fig. 9). Then came a succession of small ornamental jars in brightly coloured Egyptian faience, and glass bottles (Figs. 6, 10 and Colour Supplement). There were other objects of bronze and alabaster among a litter of beads, which were traced to a bead bag or purse of delicate colouring and remarkably fine workmanship (Fig. 4 and Colour Supplement). Scattered fragments of gold and lapis lazuli led to the removal of two large lumps of earth which, after a very laborious treatment in camp, proved to contain the encrusted ornament of two

small Egyptian caskets of which the actual wood had completely disappeared (Fig. 8). It was curious, in this place, so remote from the Nile valley, to recognise the stylised figures and exquisite drawing of Egyptian religious scenes. Both the lady's seals were recovered, a cylinder seal with an Assyrian king in his chariot, and a stamp-seal with the symbol of Sin of Harran. Finally, among the other objects was a small tablet, which proved to be of the greatest possible interest. It



FIG. 3. FROM THE GREAT MOSQUE OF HARRAN: A CAPITAL OF THE TWELFTH CENTURY A.D., THE DATE WHEN THE Umayyad Mosque of Marwan II. (A.D. 744-750) WAS ENLARGED BY NUR AD-DIN AND COMPLETED AFTER HIS DEATH IN A.D. 1174.

Concurrently with the excavations at Sultantepe and near Urfa, Dr. D. S. Rice was laying bare the plan of the Great Umayyad Mosque of the Caliph Marwan II. at Harran itself.

appeared to be the lady's household accounts, listing, among other things, her regular offerings to the temple. The wording of one item, concerning calves "brought up from the city to be sacrificed to Sin," seemed to make our tentative identification of the main building on the acropolis more than ever likely to be correct.

[Continued overleaf.]



FIG. 2. THE GREAT 8-FT.-SQUARE SABIAN MOSAIC, ILLUSTRATED IN COLOUR ON THE FACING PAGE, AS IT WAS DISCOVERED IN A ROCK-CUT TOMB NEAR URFA.

While Bay Nuri Gökce and Mr. Seton Lloyd were excavating at Sultantepe, Dr. J. B. Segal had been operating in the Tektek hills investigating a Sabian shrine of the second century A.D., and finding near Urfa a truly remarkable Sabian mosaic of the same period, in a state of almost perfect preservation.

and fifty literary and other documents were cleared before the 1951 season ended.

When the work of the expedition was resumed in May of this year, it was organised on a larger scale. Our headquarters were again at Sultantepe, where the excavation of the Assyrian acropolis was continued; but a subsidiary excavation under the direction of Dr. D. Storm Rice, of the School of Oriental and African Studies, was undertaken on the site of the

THE QUEST FOR THE TEMPLE OF THE MOON-GOD: 1400 YEARS BY THE MYSTERIOUS SABIAN SECT—A HOARD

(Continued from previous page.)

IN fact, if further confirmation were needed of the local association with the moon-god, it was provided by the discovery in an adjoining room of a broken stone *stela* bearing the crescent-and-pillar symbol of Sin of Harran (Fig. 13). The contents of this tablet also served to fix the date of the building and, indeed, of the whole acropolis, between 640 and 610 a.c. At the summit of the mound, owing to the deep accumulation of debris in the Hellenistic and Roman periods, the temple

(Continued below.)

(RIGHT.) FIG. 5. WHEN THE REMARKABLE HOARD OF TABLETS WAS CLEARED, THIS BRICK OFFERING TABLE AND LARGE WINE-JAR WERE REVEALED.



FIG. 4. A UNIQUE DISCOVERY: THE HEAD OF THE ASSYRIAN PRIESTESS OF SIN (SEE ALSO COLOUR SUPPLEMENT) AS IT WAS DISCOVERED AT SULTANTEPE AMONG SHELLS AND OTHER OBJECTS.

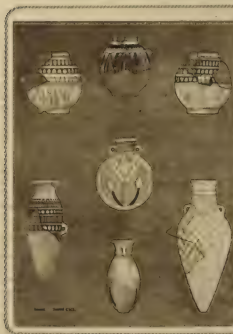


FIG. 6. PERFUME BOTTLES AND FLASKS FROM THE HOUSE OF THE PRIESTESS. TWO PROFILES OF ONE ARE SHOWN IN THIS DRAWING BY MRS. SETON LLOYD. ALL, EXCEPT THE BOTTOM RIGHT (WHICH IS GLASS), ARE OF FAIENCE.

Continued: itself still proves hard to reach (Fig. 1). But objects from our soundings, such as a fine cylinder-seal depicting an Assyrian king sacrificing to Sin, also confirm its character. While the work at Sultantepe was in progress, reports of important discoveries were coming in both from Dr. Rice at Harran, who had recovered almost the whole plan of the original mosque built by the Caliph Marwan II, and located the *dar-al-imarah*, or Caliph's palace behind it, and from Dr. Segal, who had been operating in the remote Tektek hills to the east of the city. The first sounding undertaken at the Great Mosque of Harran revealed that the original Umayyad monument consisted of three long aisles and a central

(Continued opposite.)

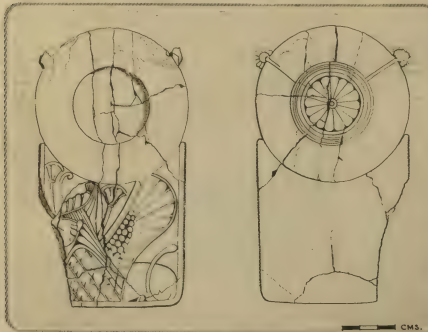


FIG. 9. ALSO FROM THE ROOM OF THE PRIESTESS: AN IVORY COSMETIC PALETTE, BOTH SIDES OF WHICH ARE SHOWN IN THE DRAWING. THE UPPER SIDE OF THE PALETTE (LEFT) SHOWS A SPHINX WEARING THE DOUBLE CROWN OF UPPER AND LOWER EGYPT.

Continued: Umayyad period, others (Fig. 3) decorated the twelfth-century construction. The later ornaments show a desire to maintain a harmonious relation to the eighth-century decoration. Small finds include fragments of coloured stained-glass windows and charred remains of woodwork, some of which have carved ornaments which escaped destruction. In the meantime, Dr. Segal had investigated a sacred mount about 100 kilometres south-east of ancient Edessa (the modern Urfa) in the Tektek mountains. A group of votive records in Aramaic, unrecorded by the



FIG. 7. ONE OF THE HUGE HOARD OF OVER 500 TABLETS OF THE SEVENTH CENTURY B.C. DISCOVERED AT SULTANTEPE. THIS EXAMPLE RECORDS A PRAYER TO GULA, GODDESS OF HEALING.

FIG. 8. MIRACULOUSLY PRESERVED: THE INCISED ORNAMENT (IN GOLD AND LAFES LAFUL) OF TWO BOXES (WHICH HAD THEMSELVES PERISHED). EGYPTIAN IN WORK AND SYMBOLISM.



FIG. 10. EXCAVATING THE NUMEROUS TOILET TRINKETS IN THE ROOM OF THE PRIESTESS. HERE THE BRUSH HAS REVEALED A SMALL, A MINUTARE STONE BOTTLE AND A FLASK IN DELICATELY COLOURED EGYPTIAN FAIENCE.

EXCAVATIONS AT SULTANTEPE AND HARRAN LINKED OVER OF TABLETS, A PRIESTESS'S TRINKETS, AN Umayyad MOSQUE.



FIG. 11. PART OF THE EASTERN SIDE OF THE COURTYARD OF THE GREAT MOSQUE OF HARRAN. IN THE CENTRE CAN BE SEEN A PRE-ISLAMIC PAVEMENT, WHICH IS BELIEVED TO HAVE BEEN PART OF AN EARLIER SABIAN TEMPLE.



FIG. 13. BEARING THE CRESCENT AND PILLAR SYMBOL OF THE GOD SIN OF HARRAN: A BROKEN STONE *stela* FOUND IN THE HOUSE OF THE PRIESTESS AT SULTANTEPE.



FIG. 14. A SINGULARLY AND ELEGANTLY BEAUTIFUL ABLUTION BASIN FOUND IN THE CENTRAL COURT OF THE GREAT Umayyad MOSQUE RECENTLY CLEARED AND REVEALED AT HARRAN, DURING THE ANGLO-TURKISH ARCHAEOLOGICAL EXPEDITION OF 1952.

Continued: transept. At the south side of the transept, a small door leading into an adjacent palace, the original flat *mikrab* and the emplacement of the pulpit were discovered. The palace and the original mosque were in all probability works undertaken by the last Umayyad caliph Marwan II, (A.D. 744-750), under whose rule Harran became, for a brief period, the capital of the Islamic world. The mosque was enlarged by Nur ad-din and completed after his death in A.D. 1174. A fourth aisle was added in front of the original façade facing the courtyard; the original pavement of the courtyard was found under the twelfth-century flagstones of the new aisle. At the east side of the courtyard an entrance flanked by two massive columns was cleared. A pavement revealed at this place was probably part of an earlier Sabian temple which was later replaced by the Mosque (Fig. 11). North and west entrances and the door to the square minaret were also laid bare in part, and a central ablation basin of elegant shape was cleared in the centre of the courtyard (Fig. 14). Of great interest are the architectural ornaments. Some of these (Fig. 12) belong to the

(Continued below, p. 290.)

(RIGHT.) FIG. 12. FRAGMENTS OF A VINE-WRAITHED STONE PILLAR FROM THE EARLIER PART OF THE GREAT MOSQUE OF HARRAN.



few European travellers who have explored this area, bear dates assigning them to the second century A.D. A female bust in relief, dedicated to the deity Sin, may well be the representation of that divinity, although Sin is known to antiquity as a male god; other inscriptions are devoted to "the lord god." There can be little doubt that this was a shrine of the Sabians, and that these are the first inscriptions to be discovered of that mysterious sect; hitherto our knowledge of them had come from comparatively late Arab sources. Traces of the same set-

were found by Dr. Segal twenty kilometres farther north and in the vicinity of Urfa itself. More substantial was the discovery in one of the rock-cut tombs on the outskirts of Urfa of an almost perfectly preserved mosaic floor of remarkable workmanship (Colour Supplement and Fig. 2). It depicts a nobleman of Edessa with his family; the names are given in Aramaic. One son, the Viceroy Ma'no, is mentioned on a column still standing in the citadel of Urfa. Ma'no's daughter, Shalmath, also portrayed in the mosaic, became queen; she was probably the

wife of King Abgar the Great, who reigned at Edessa at the end of the second century and adopted Christianity after a visit to Rome. Shalmath's family, however, seem to have been Sabians. The costumes, the variety and vividness of the colours and the treatment of the figures in the mosaic may show Parthian influence. From both an artistic and a historical point of view this mosaic has no parallel, save for a little-known and much smaller mosaic group-portrait from the same locality now in the Istanbul Museum.

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

FICTION OF THE WEEK.

"IN this low world" (a phrase endemic to the story I am going to talk about) the intimation that a novel is "immensely powerful" may be described as a red light. It means there is unpleasantness in store. Sometimes, of course, we need no telling; but in the present case—that of "The Fair Bride," by Bruce Marshall (Constable; 12s. 6d.), it was but right the squeamish should be warned. They would expect, if anything, to find the dish too sweet—not to sup full with horrors. And they would get a nasty shock; for though I don't think saccharine has been omitted quite, it is atrocity that reigns.

The curtain goes up on a Spanish town, industrial but nameless, at the outbreak of the Civil War. Arturo is the Bishop's chaplain. Also, he is a romantic of the faith, prissy and tender-minded, sickened by his unpriestly colleagues and their vulgar chat, heart-wrung for tortured bulls. . . . Not, one would think, a very Spanish character; but there I am no judge. As might be guessed, he is not physically brave. Consciousness makes a coward of him—and partly conscience too, for at this juncture he has a divided mind. He feels the Church is hated for its sins; it has betrayed the poor—and what if rightness has crossed over? It may well be so; and at the threat of martyrdom he is convinced. Let the believers stay and die; he will escape into the throng, and be a priest of the new order.

Churches in flames, a dead nun in the gutter, an old priest tortured in the street—those are his first encounters. He is ashamed to be lying low; he is ashamed of his apostasy, motive apart; and soon he is half-glad to be discovered. But he still calls himself a socialist, and he is put to work by the new lords.

Alas, their brave new righteousness in action is the same again. There is the same gulf between act and creed; there is again an apathetic jargon, a conforming mob, and, for Arturo, a long struggle to explain away, and see the evils are irrelevant. All just the same; but all unfathomably worse. Torture is now the grand design. All the Cathedral clergy have been martyred—all but Arturo and one other. And Canon Rota, the "pig-eyed Catalan" with the bad smell, did not desert his post. He was sent off, with the Cathedral relic—a finger of St. John of the Cross, which is believed to guard the city from its foes. On that account, the new lords are resolved to have it. Arturo's fellow-chaplain died an appalling death, because they thought he knew something about it. Next it may be Arturo's turn.

There is a happy ending in a sense; the priest regains his faith, and the Cathedral its prerogatives. There is much brilliance, sentiment and satire. I don't think "power" is the *mot juste*; and some of the religious talk left me a trifle edgy.

"Search for a Hero," by Thomas Hal Phillips (W. H. Allen; 12s. 6d.), though nothing like such a good job, pleases in quite a different way. I don't just mean there is no horror—which, in a part-war novel from America, would of itself surprise. No, the relief comes from the change of air, the wind of personality and freedom.

Don Meadows' father is a railwayman in Mississippi. There are three boys; only to Don it seems not three, but two and one. Wallace and William are the twins; they have the looks and the physique, they are the football stars, the heroes of the family—and Don is odd man out. Once he enjoyed great favour with Papa; but something happened at the store, Papa lost face, and that was permanently that. At school, Don is an easy first, although the twins are a year older; but it is they who are going off to college—they have won football scholarships. As for Papa, it is his life-dream to produce a hero; they will "make All-American" for sure, and now his single worry is the draft. Even Don's girl seems to be taking up with William. . . . So he runs off and joins the navy. To get one up on them; to win their fondness and Papa's; to have a proud adventure on his own—to become a man, to feel on the "inside" of life.

Here a synopsis must break down. He comes back wounded from North Africa, to the unchanging set-up. One can't say more in brief; and yet these navy episodes have a surprising charm—they are real life, in all its humour, eccentricity and sadness. Then comes a falling-off: a patch of fever-dreams, imaginary dialogues, flashbacks too desultory and too late. But on the whole, inner and outer, the realm of sensibility and vision and the world of men find a poetic balance.

"Cotillion," by Georgette Heyer (Heinemann; 12s. 6d.), need hardly be described. It is still Regency, still a romantic comedy-adventure, and as good as ever. Great-uncle Matthew is a skinflint, with an enormous fortune and a Cinderella-ward. Now he is going to make his will. If Kitty takes one of his nephews, she shall inherit everything; if she refuses, it will go to charity. Only she won't refuse; from childhood she has had a weakness for Corinthian Jack, the old gentleman's favourite.

But Jack does not apply. Neither does Freddy Standen, a harmless mirror of the *ton*, who has no need of money and no use for petticoats. He is kind-hearted, though; and Kitty, in her desperation, thinks of a plan. They shall pretend to be engaged; then she can have a month in London with his parents, and buy some fashionable clothes—and Jack shall see what he shall see. And most ingeniously it all works out: of course in perfect idiom, and to the nearest possible conclusion.

"Death of a White Witch," by Inez Oelrichs (Hammond; 9s. 6d.), struck me as rather a let-down: partly because the sleuth, who was a rural milkman when I saw him last, has now come down to selling candy. On a midnight stroll, he drags a would-be suicide out of the river. It is the blue-blooded Louise, a child of dismalness and riches; and she won't confide. Really, it was her mother's doing—as most things are in the locality. For Mrs. Margate controls everyone: her husband, her attractive sister, the repressed Louise, as far as possible the township. So when she kills herself, there is a widespread feeling of relief. Only the police can't think that it was suicide. But they can't prove it wasn't; and when events come to their aid, they still need the ex-milkman in the final act. Competent work—but not inspiring.

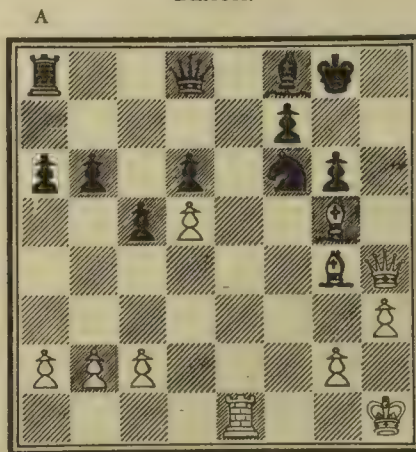
CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

IN the first of this week's two diagrammed positions (from the Yugoslav Championship) Black protected his attacked knight by . . . K-Kt2, only to resign after White's reply, which was . . . what? One mark for a correct solution.

The second position arose in a game in Cape Town a year or two ago. White played 1. P×P and soon succumbed against Black's extra piece. A correspondent, Mr. S. Lewis, suggests a brilliant alternative by which he says he thinks White could have drawn and, though the possibilities are so involved that I hesitate to be dogmatic, I think I agree with him. Ten marks for this!

BLACK.



WHITE.

BLACK.



WHITE.

The solutions: (A) R-K8! If now . . . Q×R, White mates in two moves, starting with B×Kt ch. (B) 1. P-Kt6! with the idea of continuing with P-R4, then throwing away both rooks to leave himself stalemated! I cannot for the life of me see how Black can confute this misère type of play. For instance: 1. . . R×R; 2. P-R4, R×R stalemate is too obliging. But 1. . . R×R; 2. P-R4, R-R5; 3. R×B ch, K-K2; 4. R-Q7 ch, K-K1; 5. R-K7 ch, K-Qr; 6. R-K8 ch, etc., leaves Black just as helpless in face of the zest for suicide of his opponent's last rook.

I'd happily donate a chess-book prize to any reader who can demonstrate a means by which Black, after 1. P-Kt6, can avoid the stalemate whilst retaining enough material advantage to win.

K. JOHN.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

BUCKRAM; "GLASGAE"; AND RED DEVILS

EXQUISITE editions—"bound in red buckram, mystic, wonderful"—do not often find their way into the bookshops nowadays. Many years have passed since poets used to distil the rare essences of their verse into thin, India-paper pages, enclosed in limp leather. Now the Queen Anne Press have given us a slim volume, printed on mould-made, cream-wave paper, the title-page set in Perpetua and the text in 14-point Pilgrim, the binding (as I have said) of red buckram, and everything handsome about it. And what do we find inside? Two reprinted snippets of Evelyn Waugh—a "short explanation" of his novel "Helena," originally devised for the B.B.C.; and an essay on the Holy Places written a year or so ago for *Life*. I suppose that to someone like Mr. Waugh, who can get away, as the saying is, with murder, it is no great feat to get away with fancy-dress.

Certainly there is nothing fancy—no distilled essences—about Mr. Waugh's prose. The two essays, which together compose "The Holy Places" (Queen Anne Press: Limited Edition; 15s.), clearly convey to the reader the author's concrete thought on the subject in hand, and equally clearly portray the scenes which he wishes to describe. What more can be asked of good prose than that? And yet, so rare is good prose to-day, I venture to say that this simple achievement gives Mr. Waugh's essays a distinction which makes fustian of all their attractive trappings of buckram, cream-wave, Perpetua and Pilgrim. The first essay, that on the Empress Helena, is perhaps the more satisfying. The ultimate significance of her mission—that of finding the True Cross—is sharply accented, and with it Mr. Waugh gives us the corollary, that all vocation is personal and individual. As for Helena, she lived in a period when "sharp, sly minds were everywhere looking for phrases and analogies to reconcile the new, blunt creed for which men had died, with the ancient speculations which had beguiled their minds and with the occult rites which had for generations spiced their logic." The situation of the Church was indeed most perilous: "And at that crisis suddenly emerged, God-sent from the luxurious retirement in the far North, a lonely, resolute old woman with a single concrete, practical task clear before her: to turn the eyes of the world back to the planks of wood on which their salvation hung." The second essay, which is rather more diffuse, contains an astonishing picture of the hidden life of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre in the dead of night, when all the pilgrims and tourists have gone home: "And then, a little before eleven o'clock, lights begin to appear and move in unsuspected apertures and galleries. There is a snuffling and shuffling and from their various lairs—the Greek from a balcony above the rock of Calvary, the Franciscan from a tunnel in the wall beyond the Latin chapel, the Armenian down an iron fire-escape above the spot of the Stabat Mater—three bearded sacristans appear and begin filling and trimming the lamps. Soon after this there is a sound of door-knocking, knuckles, wooden hammers, a little electric-bell somewhere; a yawning, and muttering and coughing and rustling." And so the representatives of a divided Christendom rise to recite the Night Office. It needs no buckram to tell us that this is very good stuff indeed.

Colm Brogan's pen is as sharp as a needle. In this respect he is by no means a typical Glaswegian, and his book on the city of his origin, "The Glasgow Story" (Frederick Muller; 15s.), cheerfully illustrates most of the characteristics which he as cheerfully denies to his fellow-citizens. He has no illusions about Glasgow's reputation in the world at large: "Dirty, violent, alcoholic, Bolshie, dull, dreary, wet and windy," nor about the Glasgow man as a husband, and the subservience of the Glasgow wife: "So far as the Glasgow working class are concerned, Ibsen wrote 'A Doll's House' in vain." He is merrily iconoclastic about such institutions as Hogmanay and the Immortal Memory of Rabbin Burns. I read without surprise that in Glasgow the police are unpopular, the Corporation employees are looked at askance, and that the manners of the children are disgraceful. I accept, and deplore, the fact that razors are flashed in Glasgow dance-halls, that Glasgow religious and political feeling is violent and disputatious, and that mediocrity is over-valued. How is it, then, that Mr. Brogan appears to have left me with a feeling of tenderness and goodwill towards this dank and dismal city and its disagreeable inhabitants? It cannot altogether be because he makes out so good a case for Glasgow as the most democratic city in the world—though I am distinctly cheered by the vision of officials of the B.B.C. receiving "useful comments" on their programmes from coal-heavers in pubs. No, it is quite inexplicable. I merely record the happy fact.

There is, I suppose, no greater story of the last war than that of the 1st Parachute Brigade, from the North Africa to Arnhem. The quality of the "Red Devils" is admirably illustrated by Mr. Peter Stainforth in "Wings of the Wind" (Falcon Press; 15s.) when he quotes the words of one of their captains to his men in action: "Don't stop, chaps! Go on! I'm afraid I can't come with you! I've lost a leg!" Mr. Stainforth experiences the difficulty of all writers who cannot high-light their story because the high-light is one long, continuous glare, and he has not avoided the temptation to under-write, and to make too much use of the "throw-away" technique. He is, however, at his best and most natural in passages which no mere professional writer could hope to tackle successfully—the simple account of elementary emotions such as grief and fear. Yet I laid down this admirable book confirmed in my belief that it is almost impossible for those who have experienced, and deeply experienced, one form of warfare to make that experience come alive to those who have not been their comrades. The author himself seems to be aware of this when he writes in his preface: "In the close conditions of active service there exists a particular kind of friendship which cannot be recorded." His own record comes as near success as anything I have read.

I have just space to congratulate the Union-Castle Mail Steamship Company on the 1953 editions of their "Year Book and Guide to East Africa" and "Southern Africa" (Robert Hale; 7s. 6d. and 9s. 6d.). These are full of useful information, and also the kind of guide-books in which you can happily browse—with or without the intention of visiting the countries concerned!

E. D. O'BRIEN.

REMBRANDT'S POWERFUL INFLUENCE IN DUTCH ART: A NOTABLE CURRENT LONDON LOAN EXHIBITION.



"THE YOUNG PHILOSOPHER"; BY CAREL VAN DER PLUYM (1625-1672), A PUPIL OF REMBRANDT. HE WAS ADMITTED INTO THE GUILD OF ST. LUKE AT LEIDEN IN 1648 AND ELECTED DEAN IN 1655.

(Canvas: 26½ by 20½ ins.) (Lent by Lady Lindsay.)



"INTERIOR, WITH A LITTLE GIRL"; BY GOVAERT FLINCK (1615-1660). SIGNED AND DATED 1640.

(Canvas: 45½ by 34½ ins.) (Lent by the Mauritshuis, The Hague.)



"HAGAR AND THE ANGEL"; BY FERDINAND BOL (1611-1680), WHO DETERIORATED AFTER LEAVING REMBRANDT IN 1660.

(Panel: 42 by 40 ins.) (Lent by the Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool.)



"AN INN NEAR NANTES"; BY LAMBERT DOOMER (1622-1700), A PUPIL OF REMBRANDT, WHO MADE EXTENSIVE JOURNEYS THROUGH FRANCE AND IRELAND. ON THIS PAGE WE REPRODUCE WORKS FROM THE MATTHIESEN GALLERY EXHIBITION OF PAINTERS OF THE SCHOOL OF REMBRANDT AND OTHER DUTCH MASTERS INFLUENCED BY HIM.

(Panel: 11 by 15½ ins.) (Lent by the Rijksmuseum, Amsterdam.)



"SELF-PORTRAIT WITH 'VANITAS' STILL-LIFE, 1644"; BY SAMUEL VAN HOOGSTRAATEN (1617-1678), POET AND PAINTER WHO TRAVELLED TO AUSTRIA, ITALY AND LONDON. HE WAS DIRECTOR OF THE DUTCH MINT.

(Panel: 22½ by 29½ ins.)

(Lent by the Boymans Museum, Rotterdam.)



"PORTRAIT OF A GIRL IN PROFILE"; BY JAN LIEVENS (1607-1674), WHO VISITED ENGLAND, AND PAINTED CHARLES I. AND HENRIETTA MARIA.

(Panel: 17 by 15 ins.) (Lent by a Private Collector.)



"AN OLD WOMAN ASLEEP"; BY ABRAHAM VAN DYCK (1635-1672). ONE OF THE PUPILS OF REMBRANDT, WHOSE WORK IS REPRESENTED IN THE EXHIBITION.

(Canvas: 44½ by 37 ins.) (Lent by the Kunsthalle, Hamburg.)



"PORTRAIT OF A BOY IN ARMOUR"; BY SALOMON DE BRAY (1627-1697). FORMERLY IN THE COLLECTION OF THE DUKE OF GRAFTON.

(Panel: 17½ by 12½ ins.) (Lent by Mr. Alan Pilkington.)

An important exhibition, devoted to seventeenth-century painters of the School of Rembrandt or other Dutch Masters influenced by him, was due to open last week at the Matthiesen Gallery, New Bond Street. It forms a highly interesting pendant to the magnificent display of Dutch Pictures 1450-1750 which has occupied the Royal Academy Galleries this winter. The Matthiesen Exhibition has been assembled through the generosity of museums in Holland, France and Germany and this country, and by private collectors both at home and on the Continent:

and includes a number of paintings of exceptional interest, some of which have never before been publicly exhibited. A number of the artists represented, such as Carel Fabritius, Ferdinand Bol, Lambert Doomer, Gerbrandt van den Eeckhout and Nicolaes Maes, were pupils of the master, while Philips de Koninck, Gabriel Metsu, Salomon de Bray and others whose works are on view, were deeply influenced by the towering genius of Rembrandt, whose splendour is one of the glories of the Royal Academy Dutch Exhibition.



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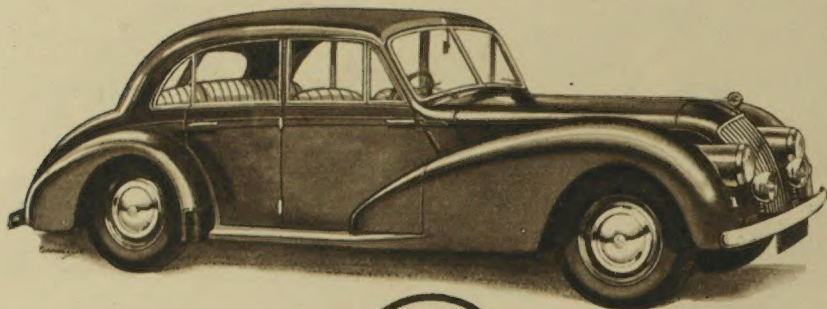


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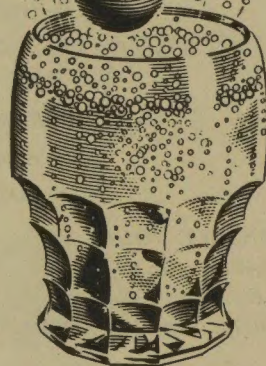
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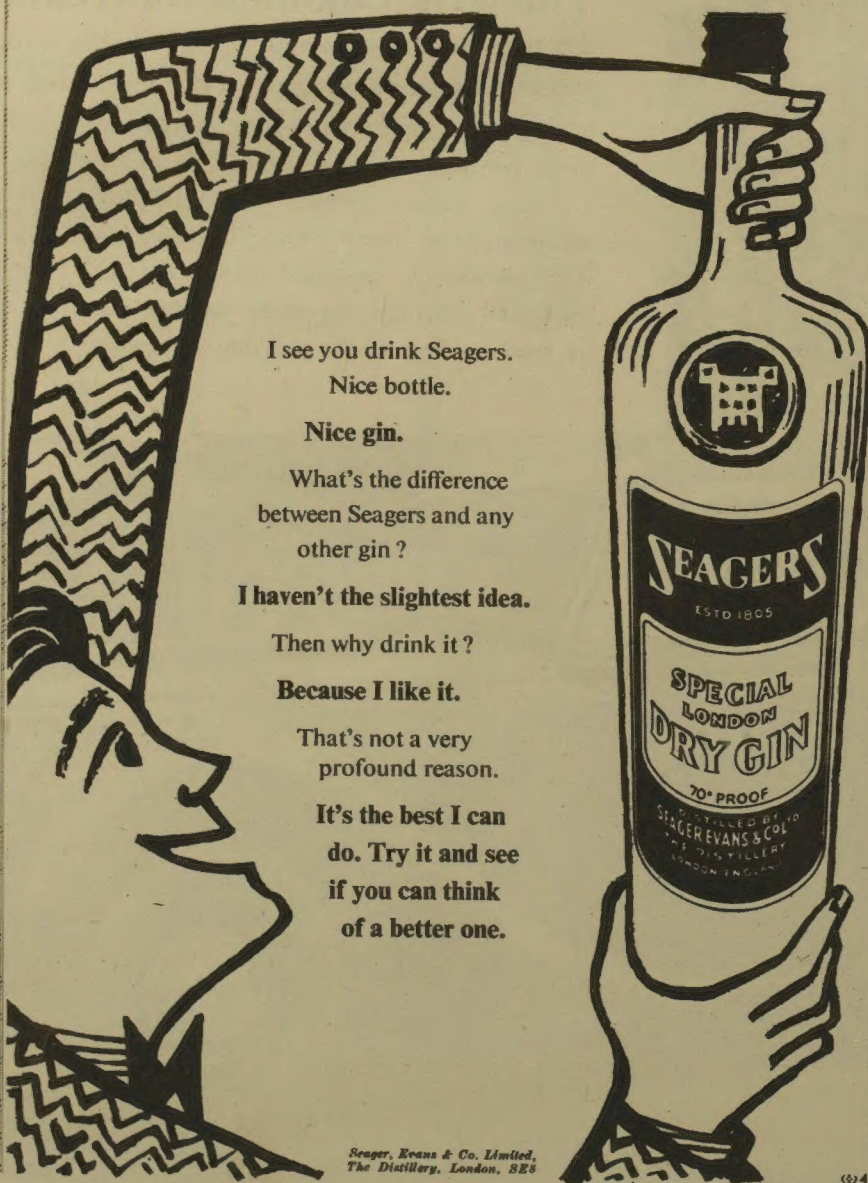
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